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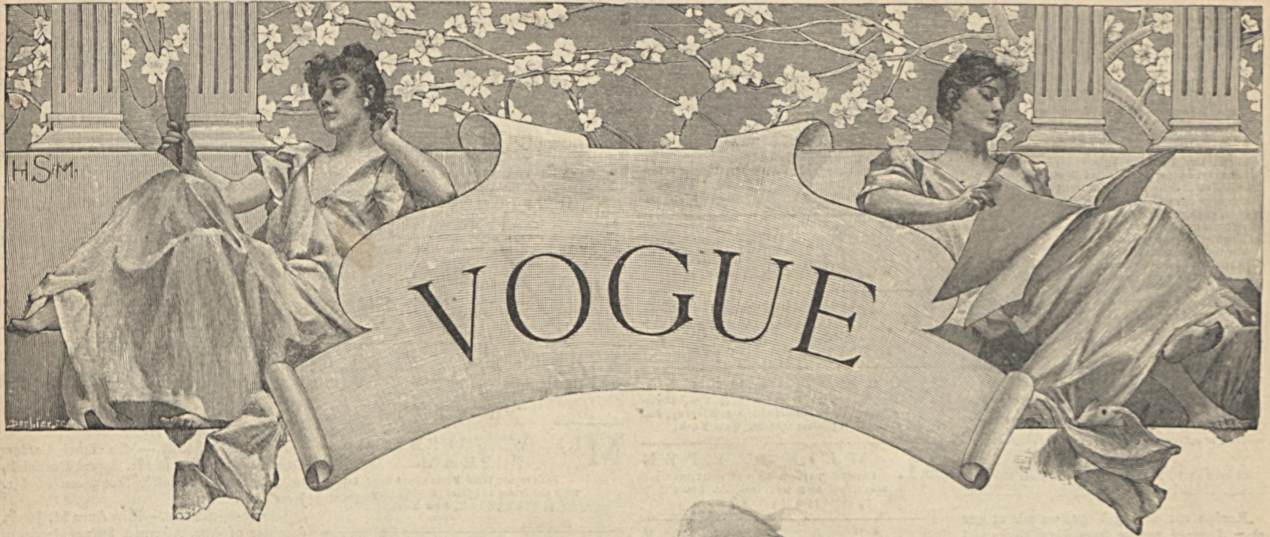
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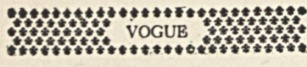
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20 SEPTEMBER, 1900

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MARRIED

De Coppel-Greene.—On 15 Sept., at the residence of the bride, 35 E. 50th St., by the Rev. Frederick E. Mortimer, Mrs. Adele Thorn Greene to Louis Casimir de Coppel.
Holbrook-McKinney.—On Sat., 8 Sept., at Terrace Place, Titusville, Pa., by the Rev. Albert Jay Nock D.D., Elliot Hanford Holbrook, of Yonkers-on-Hudson, to Charlotte Gertrude, only daughter of James Curtis McKinney, Esq., of Titusville, Pa.

DIED

Schieffelin.—On Thu., 13 Sept., Samuel Bradhurst Schieffelin, in his 90th year.
Weeks.—At New Rochelle, N. Y., on Fri., 14 Sept., Antoinette Mataran, beloved wife of Bartow S. Weeks.

ENGAGEMENTS

Dominick-Stout.—Miss Ethel Gardner Dominick, daughter of Mr. Bayard Dominick, to Mr. Andrew Varick Stout, son of Mr. Joseph S. Stout.
Jarvis-McElroy.—Miss Anna M. Jarvis, daughter of Mrs. Algernon Sudney Jarvis, of White Plains, N. Y., to Mr. Sydney McElroy, Jr., of New York.

WEDDINGS

De Coppel-Greene.—Mr. Casimir de Coppel and Mrs. Adele T. Greene were married at the residence of the bride, 35 E. 50th St., on Sat., 15 Sept., at 4 o'clock, the Rev. Frederick Mortimer officiating. Best man, Mr. Ernest Howell de Coppel. Ushers, Mr. Irwin Swish, Mr. Harry Bartol. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stuyvesant, Mr. A. Van Horne Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grenville Peters, Miss de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Depew, Mr. T. C. Delevan, Mrs. T. P. Hart, Miss Hart, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. William P. Draper, Miss Alice Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thorn Kirkland, Mr. Charles P. Kirkland, Mrs. John Ellis, Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, Mrs. Ernest H. de Coppel, Mr. Theakston de Coppel, Mr. Wilson de Peyster, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Roosevelt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliott Pell.

INTIMATIONS

Belmont.—Mrs. Oliver Belmont has gone to the Virginian Hot Springs to spend several weeks.
Chard.—Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Chard will sail on Saturday for Europe to spend the winter in Paris.
Emmet.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmet

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sailed last week on the Teutonic for a brief visit to France and England.

Kane.—Col. and Mrs. Delancey A. Kane have again opened their country place, the Padocks, at New Rochelle for the autumn.

Mills.—Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills have left Newport and opened their country place on the Hudson for the autumn.

Schieffelin.—Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin will spend the autumn with the Misses Elliot F. Shepard at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson.

Twombly.—Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly and the Misses Twombly sailed from Europe yesterday.

CORRESPONDENCE

Newport.—The event of the waning season at Newport was the marriage last week of Miss Harriet Ives Gammell to Mr. Thomas Shaw Safe, of England, which took place in Emmanuel Church on 12 Sept. The Rev. Emery H. Porter officiated. The maid of honor was Miss Virginia Gammell. The ushers were Messrs. F. Gray Griswold, Grafton Cushing, George Griswold (second), J. Neilson Howard, Dennison Slade and D. Berkeley Updike. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. R. T. Gammell, and wore a gown of white satin, embroidered with silver and pearls. Her veil of point lace was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Greene, Miss Hazard, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hoffman, Miss Sarah Hoffman, Mr. C. L. A. Hiser, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hoffin, Miss Hoffin, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Howard, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Andrews, Mr. F. W. Andrews, Jr., Mr. Walter Andrews, Prof. Alexander Agassiz, Mrs. Auchincloss, Miss Auchincloss, Mrs. C. H. Baldwin, Mrs. Isaac Bell, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Barger, Mrs. Barger Wallace, Miss Barger, Mrs. C. C. Perkins, Miss Betton, Miss Leary, Mr. and Mrs. A. Livingston Mason, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Mason, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. James V. Parker, Mrs. C. C. Pomeroy, Miss Greta Pomeroy, Mrs. Frederick Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. McCagg, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Col. and Mrs. E. M. Neill, Miss Neill, Col. Reginald Norman, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Swan, Gen. and Mrs. J. Frederick Pierson, the Misses Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. William Binney, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Binney, Mrs. C. L. Best, Miss Best, Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, Miss Bishop, Mr. Ogden Bishop, Mr. Atherton Blight, Miss Blight, Mr. Roland King, Mr. Stuyvesant Le Roy, Mrs. Le Roy, Lord and Lady Pauncefoot, the Hon. Misses Pauncefoot, Mr. Herman Norman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Crakanthorpe, Admiral and Mrs. S. B. Luce, Commodore and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Mrs. Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keach, Mr. and Mrs. James Lincoln, Miss Mauran, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Christopher Rhode, Senator and Mrs. Roelker, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Congdon, Mr. S. R. Dorrance, Ex-Governor and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Colonel Anthony Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Duviller, Mr. A. M. Gammell, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson, Miss Edith Rook, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Sands, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Scott, Miss Louise Scott, Mrs. Scott Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorohan, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Soley, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp, Mr. James Stillman, Miss Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Willing, Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Jane Whiting, Mr. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Mr. Fitzhugh, Whitehouse, Jr., Mr. Cope Whitehouse, Mr. J. Ellis Hoffman, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mr. Center Hitchcock, Miss Hurde, Mr. Clarence J. Greason, Mrs. Greason, Dr. Edward L. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Q. Jones, Miss Francis Coster Jones, Mr. Roland King, Mrs. Lyman C. Joseph, the Misses Johnson, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King, Miss G. G. King, Mrs. Edward King, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wyssong, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Mrs. Zabriskie, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,

Mrs. Ogden Goellet, Miss May Goellet, the Misses Edgar, Mrs. William Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Emmons, Mr. Henry F. Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Dr. V. Mott Francis, Major and Mrs. T. K. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. William Grosvenor, Miss Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. M. Grosvenor, Colonel and Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard, Miss Madeline Goddard, the Misses Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Post, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Davis, Mr. J. D. R. Baldwin, Miss Cadwallader, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. J. Amory Codman, Mr. Thomas F. Cushing, Miss Cushing, Mrs. Paul Dahlgren, Miss Romola Dahlgren, Mr. Lisenard Stewart, Mr. F. W. Rhinelander, Dr. Axel Munthe, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rives, Miss Natika Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Miss Swan.

Mr. Atherton Blight gave a dinner last week, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. James F. D. Lanier, Mr. Gerard Lowther, Miss Anna Sands, Mr. and Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. Ogden Codman, Jr.

SEEN ON THE STAGE

MR. Edward Sothorn's production of *Hamlet* at the Garden Theatre on Monday evening was by far the most ambitious theatrical event so far this season. The production was made in a generous manner so far as richness of costumes and scenery, and a company of experienced players supported the *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* of Mr. Sothorn and Miss Virginia Harned.

Caleb West, a dramatization of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, was given on Monday night at the Manhattan Theatre. The stage version differs from the story in that it has a happy ending. Edwin Arden and May Buckley play the leading roles. The Rogers Brothers made a triumphant reappearance at the Victoria on Monday in a new farce, *The Rogers Brothers in Central Park*. Della Fox is in the cast.

The *Rose of Persia* is still being given at Daly's Theatre. The *Monks of Malabar*, which is Francis Wilson's new opera, has made a hit at The Knickerbocker. It is tuneful, thanks to Ludwig Enlander, the composer, and the brightness of the libretto is the work of J. Cheever Goodwin. The *Husbands of Leontine*, an instance of disinfected Parisian lewdness, is doing exceedingly well at the Madison Square Theatre, its success being due in great measure to the excellent acting of Fritz Williams and E. M. Holland.

A Royal Family at the Lyceum continues to delight refined folk who can appreciate the comedy that never descends into buffoonery. Miss Annie Russell and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert are always a delight to eye and ear, and Mr. Charles Richman in this play is also most acceptable. Arizona at the Herald Square has settled down to a prosperous run, the play promising to rival in popularity any of Mr. Augustus Thomas's successful previous stage works.

Mr. John Drew has scored a personal triumph in *Richard Carvel* at the Empire, in spite of the handicaps of middle-agedness and lack of good looks—serious drawbacks in the make-up of the dashing cavalier hero of melodrama. The play is beautifully staged and admirably acted, not alone by the principals—John Drew and Ida Conquest—but by the supporting company generally.

DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS

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GOWNS of old rose silk and wool crepe and of taffeta rayé of a paler tone. The taffeta foundation is circular, finished with a narrow accordion plaiting. The circular drop skirt of crepe is tucked in groups of four tucks to within fifteen inches of top of hem. Five groups of these tucks on skirt, and the fulness in back is given with three tucks each side of fastening stitched down for four inches. The hem is three inches deep with stitching at top. The bodice and sleeves are

tucked in inch-wide tucks. A wide band of twin-colored guipure, appliquéd on gold cloth trims bodice above the girdle of black velvet, over which it blouses slightly. Three small stiff bows of velvet are on fastening at left side, with a larger one on girdle. Small cuffs of the gold appliqué guipure and a narrow band of it borders top of the draped collar.

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LEFT FIGURE.—Tailor-made gown of cranberry red zibeline over a pale mahogany taffeta. The taffeta foundation is circular, finished with an accordion-plaited dust ruffle. The zibeline drop skirt is also circular, with fulness in back in inverted plaits. Two bands of wide black military braid with a narrow gold braid on edge trim down each side of skirt. The waist has a close-fitting back, but blouses decidedly in front, showing a chemisette of tucked white batiste at opening. It is trimmed with graduated tabs of the military braid finished with gold braid; the ends of these down front are turned back and hang loose; in the points on outer edge a lozenge-shaped button is placed. Sleeves are close-fitting and trimmed with the black and gold braids and buttons. High military collar finished with a band of the braids. Hat of pale tan felt trimmed with black satin ribbon and coque feathers.

MIDDLE FIGURE.—Gown of colonial-blue ladies' cloth over same shade of taffeta. A circular foundation of taffeta has an accordion-plaited dust ruffle. The cloth drop skirt is in four pieces. A front gore, narrow graduated yoke and plaited circular sides. A stitched band of the cloth covers seams of front gore and lower edge of yoke; two similar bands trim lower part of skirt with rounded ends lapsing over on gore. The blouse Eton coat has a close-fitting back. Stitched bands trim fronts, which cross and fasten at left with the stitched tight cloth belt. Three cape-like revers of the same blue in panne velvet are finished on edge with a stitched fold of panne. Sleeves close-fitting, ending in rounded points over hand, edged with the velvet fold. The chemisette which shows is of white satin foulard dotted with black, with alternate tabs crossing and fastening under gold ball buttons. The edges of tabs are finished with a narrow piping of black velvet, followed by a narrow gold braid. Appliqués of butter-color Cluny in points on collar. Hat of black velvet with black and maize breasts on left side Black feather boa.

RIGHT FIGURE.—Costume in a camel's-hair novelty in scindé blue, embroidered with black chenille dots, over delit blue taffeta. The three-piece taffeta foundation had a narrow accordion-plaiting on edge. The drop-skirt of the novelty material is also in three pieces, with fulness in inverted plait at back. The fastening is at left side of front gore. A conventional design borders skirt and continues up the front gore seam on left; the braid used is a flat military with threads of gold woven in edge. A band of this fastening with dull gold buttons serves as a belt. The waist blouses slightly in the front and has a very little fulness in two small plaits. The revers are of pale yellow velvet trimmed with the black and gold braid, which also trims down the front. The collar and yoke are of cream guipure appliquéd on gold cloth, a fold of ivory-white satin round top of collar. Cuffs of the lace over gold cloth headed by the black and gold braid and finished with band of satin at wrist.

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UPPER FIGURE.—Lace evening dress of champagne-colored Chantilly over pale flame taffeta. The circular taffeta foundation is en traine and finished with a narrow lace-edged gathered ruche. To veil this is a similarly cut skirt of ivory-white mousseline de soie; set on the edge of this is a flounce of the same, with small black velvet dots through it and a row of narrow black velvet ribbon as a border. Hanging by narrow black velvet ribbon straps to a little below the middle of the flounce is a three-inch band of black velvet ribbon, with the ends of the straps looped to form a fringe from lower edge. The lace drop-skirt shows this flounce at front and sides until it gradually disappears under the traine. The décolleté bodice is very simple; of the dotted mousseline, fully basted fashion, and a lace berthia falling in deep points front and back, but quite short over top of arm. Four straps of narrow black velvet ribbon

over each shoulder, caught with a shoulder knot of wider velvet. Velvet tea roses in natural colors and garlands of foliage trim corsage, the trailing stems and leaves passing down left side. The same line is followed on skirt with more foliage, and a rose is placed to hold a slight draping in lace on left side. Girdle of narrow velvet ribbon with rhinestone buckle.

LEFT FIGURE.—Gown of light-weight satin-finish reseda Venetian cloth over a paler shade of reseda taffeta. A three-piece taffeta foundation is finished with an accordion-plaited dust ruffle. The Venetian cloth drop-skirt is in four parts—two front gores and circular side pieces. A shallow box-plait shows for seven inches at bottom of centre and side seams of gores. These seams have straps of black velvet stitched down, ending in points, with black silk stitching beyond. Fulness in back in inverted plait. The bodice has box-plaits front and back, with velvet strapping and stitching. A band of black velvet crosses shoulders in back and curves around front, ending at plaits. The sleeves are not very close, being drawn into a band of white cloth at wrist, which is stitched with black and run with threads of gold. Small points of black velvet are appliquéd on sleeve above this cuff. The yoke is of white cloth, stitched with black and run with gold threads. The high collar is edged with narrow black velvet. Large buttons of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold, at throat and on left side of yoke. Narrow black velvet girdle. Scoop hat, with fancy chenille border, in a pale tan felt, trimmed with black and petunia velvet rosettes, having golden centres; bands of both velvets around high crown.

MIDDLE FIGURE.—Costume of French camel's-hair, in automobile red, combined with peau de soie over taffeta of same color. The taffeta foundation is circular with a narrow accordion-plaiting on edge. On this skirt is placed a twelve-inch accordion-plaiting of peau de soie, over which the tunic of camel's-hair hangs. The tunic has fulness in back in a box plait, a band of black velvet trims down centre of front, ending in a point. On this band are enamelled buttons in red, black and gold. The border of the tunic is in a leaf design, the edge and veinings being done with a very fine black and gold braid. On the bodice the same leaf design is reproduced for collar and revers, the short bolero of the cloth showing a yoke and chemisette of the accordion-plaited peau de soie. The high collar is of black velvet in fold, and a band of black velvet trimmed with enamelled buttons covers fastening down front. The sleeves end above wrist in the leaf design, showing a puff of cream Mechin fulled into a black velvet wristband. Wide draped girdle of black velvet, pulled down at right side and fastening with stiff bow at back. Toque of velvet autumn leaves with cock's plume.

RIGHT FIGURE.—Gown of bluet bird's-eye étamine over same color taffeta. The taffeta foundation is five-gored, with a deep accordion plaiting on edge. This trains slightly. The étamine drop skirt is circular, with side plaits stitched down for thirty inches, when they are allowed to flare. Ten inches from waist line, a band of russet color point de gène edged with narrow black velvet is inserted. A similar band trims the bodice, which is done in plaits with stitching on edges. Down the opening on left side the scallops are edged with velvet. The yoke and chemisette showing at left are of finely tucked cream mousseline de soie. A V-shaped band of velvet-edged point de gène outlines yoke. The sleeves are plain, close-fitting with the lower part of the point de gène; a deep cuff, turning up just below elbow, has strappings of narrow velvet and a band of the lace above. Narrow velvet crosses on collar with bow in front. Girdle of black velvet with rosette of loops, with long ends of the narrow velvet ribbon.

LOWER FIGURE.—Gown of black velvet with deep cream satin finish crêpe de chine. The foundation of cream taffeta is in three pieces, training slightly and finished with an accordion-plaited front. Over this the drop-skirt, which has a killed-front breadth of crêpe and circular sides and back of the velvet, is hung, and fastened firmly at front-gore seam under the revers. The revers is of ivory-white satin with a light network of cut jet beads covering it. The bodice shows a fulled front of the crêpe de

(Continued on page 181)



The Season's Smartest Models in . . .

Tailored, Golf and Rainy Day Hats,

Including Models Fashioned in the Celebrated "RIKKI-TIKKI-T" Finish

They are on exhibition in the leading Millinery establishments throughout the country, and at SCOTT'S, Limited, 1 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, London.

The Genuine Hats bear this Trade-Mark, and are made only by

Phipps and

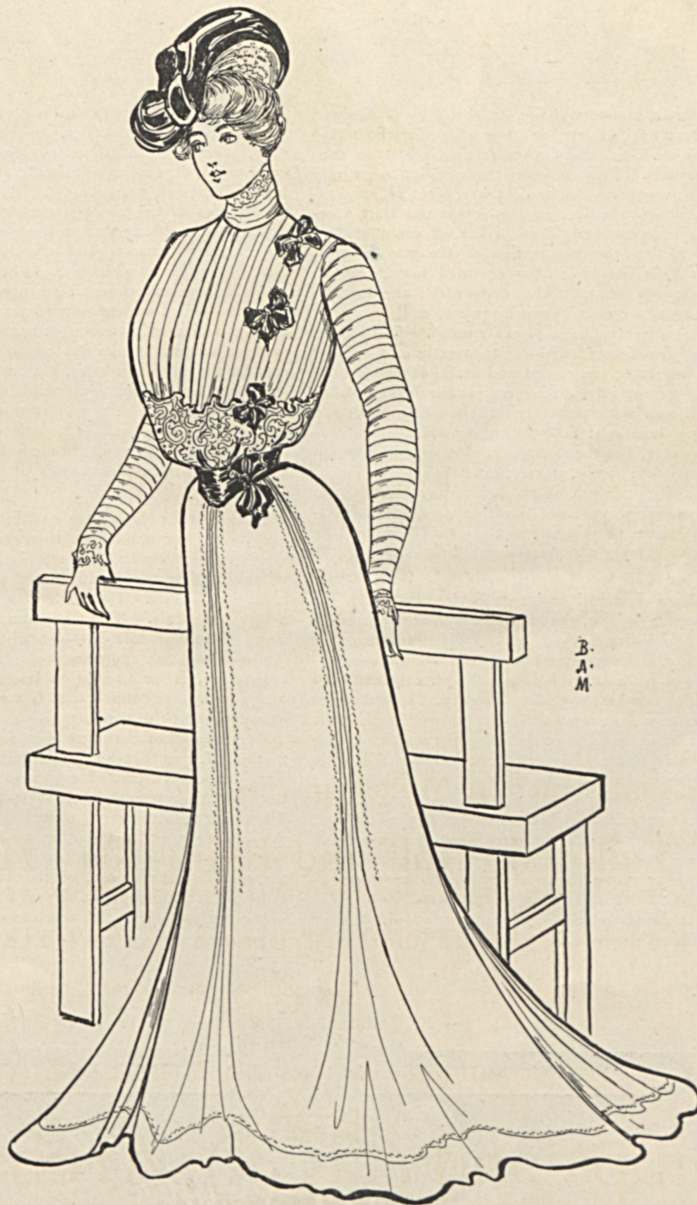


Atchison

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW TAILORED HATS

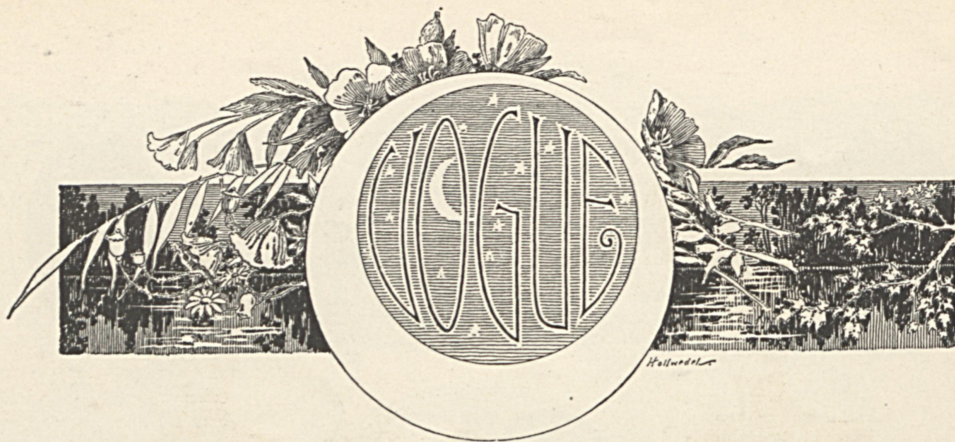
Rudyard Kipling will have to add another to his long list of assorted compliments. One of his *Jungle Tales* has supplied the name for the newest tailored hat for general wear. Like the story after which it is named, the hat is cleverly constructed. Although the designer has not quite completed the name it will be recognized. The "Rikki-Tikki-T"

will be as great a favorite as the mongoose of the story. Its distinctive feature is the manner in which the crown is made. Quarters are cone-shaped and joined by seams that are also stitched at each side, and through the middle of each section from point to base is taken a small tuck, which owing to the texture of the felt appears round as if corded. This particular feature of the Rikki-Tikki-T runs through many of the other hat crowns, whether they are draped in sailor style, Alpine, or knock-about shapes. *Sartorial Art Journal.*



CHARMING MODEL IN SOFT WOOLEN MATERIAL

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS" SEE ANOTHER PAGE

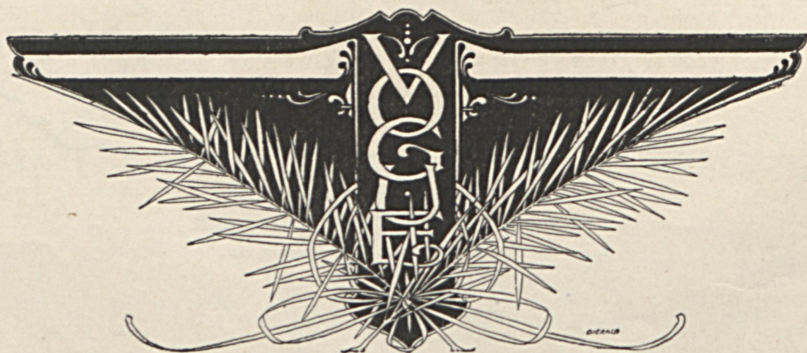


THe phrase, a strenuous life, has been bandied about a good deal of late, and the aggressiveness it has been made to stand for has aroused protest in conservative quarters. Perhaps were the question negatively put, and the purposeless life made the subject of exhortations, it would provoke less combativeness and start a reform. The comparatively informal life of summer gives opportunity for minuter observation of the ways of this generation than is possible in the crowded town, with its manifold exactions on time and endurance; and he who reads while he runs cannot but be disquieted at the waste of life perpetrated by the leisure-class woman. Freed from the necessity of self-support, she is apparently incapable of substituting any other purposeful and useful labor; so she falls into the way of idly drifting on pleasure's stream, or she busies herself with petty time-fillers. Sometimes she pursues fads. It may be fan-painting, or whist, or history-lecture attendance, but the various occupations are taken up merely as pastimes; rarely, if ever, does the woman aim at excellence, and certainly it is no part of her intention to acquire knowledge of various arts with a view to self-development or to add to the happiness of others. Her life does she dedicate to hunting and practicing kill-times.

As the leisure-class girl is increasing in numbers as the country grows in wealth, the question as to what she shall do with her life becomes ever more vitally the concern of the community. At present not only is she a drone, but by her mode of life and her influence she puts the emphasis of approval upon what is really unworthy. Idleness, one of the most vicious, the most fundamental and ineradicable faults of the human race, is presented as the most covetable of possibilities; indeed, an order of caste is founded upon it, and every social force is invoked to emphasize the alleged superiority of the idle over those whose industry, fidelity and energy create and maintain the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries for which the world of to-day is noted, and whose untiring labor makes possible the existence of classes in the community whose lives are devoted to the conservation of culture. Self-absorption and laziness are qualities encouraged in the leisure-class girl and woman—impossible foundation for nobility of life.

The effect of the purposeless life on the one who leads it is belittling and unsatisfying to the last degree. In youth even, after the twentieth mile-stone has been passed, there come many days when a realization of the emptiness of life brings keenest discouragement. And as the years advance, these times of depression come around more frequently, until the now elderly woman becomes, like thousands of her class, a mere human vegetable, endured for her social position and the favors which she can dispense, but regarded as an infliction and shunned whenever it is safe to do so. Idleness—called for euphony *leisure*—the cardinal doctrine of her social creed, has brought her neither honor nor profit; in these desirable results she has no self-earned share. Except for the sheen of wealth, the outcome of others' labors, she is without distinction. How different would the tale have been had she been taught that a purposeful life, the gospel of which is work, is the only worthy one; that trifling with time and opportunity are crimes against her own soul as well as against the community.

Mad as is the chase after wealth, idle as is the moneyed class, there are indications that certain forces are at work which will eventually change social ideals in the direction of substituting useful altruistic work for the present self-indulgent laziness. One force is at the moment working on a very large scale. The unrest among the more intelligent women of the middle class—so disturbing to the conservative mind—which expresses itself in clubs, congresses and federations, is an attempt to lead fuller and more useful lives; and despite much that is and has been absurd and vainglorious in the conduct of some of the organizations, the trend of all of them has been to bring idleness into disrepute. Let us then be up and doing has been the working plan, if not the expressed motto, of women's clubs, and of late years their activities have been directed toward broader fields than at first engaged attention, and more and more are they rendering valuable public service. It is not possible that many thousand women should be thus vaunting industry, year in and year out, without affecting public opinion; indeed it is not inconceivable that before the end of the next half century the idle rich will share with the idle poor the opprobrium of being personally a good-for-naught.





AUTUMN DESIGNS IN CLOTH

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS" SEE ANOTHER PAGE



HAPHAZARD JOTTINGS

PRUDENCE BECOMING PARTNER TO LOVE—THE
BUSY BEE COMMERCIALY EXPRESSED—THE
AMERICAN ADDICTED TO BATHS AND
TO ATHLETICS—SIBERIAN HOR-
RORS TO BE MITIGATED—
THE HERO WHO ATTEMPTED TO SAVE A DOG
FROM A TRAGIC FATE—WHY THE BEST
TEACHERS SHUN PRIVATE SCHOOLS

LOve in a cottage is going out of fashion in the hitherto very strongholds of recklessly romantic affection—the poorer classes. At least that is what the scientific folk are proclaiming. Deferred marriage and small families among the more enlightened classes in American society have been the despair of statesmen for some time, these worthies being prone to hold up France as an awful example. Scientists, however, view the matter from a different standpoint; they welcome careful pre-nuptial provision for the future, and the exercise of forethought in the matter of the begetting of children. This compelling love to wait upon prudence is, it appears, beginning to exercise an appreciable effect not alone in wideawake America, but in less aggressively progressive rural England. It looks as though the Anglo-Saxon peoples at least were on the way of solving the crowded tenement and slum problems along the line of prevention. At least it is encouraging to have scientists applaud the exercise of prudence in affairs relating to marriage

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The busy bee has become a synonym for sane and superlative industry, but the product of his busyness as disclosed by the census promises almost to pass belief. It is estimated that, expressed in money, \$20,000,000 annually represents what his beeship accomplishes in this country alone. Even at that figure, however, the little worker does not represent what he could extract from the flower crop of the United States, for according to a bee expert ten times more than the present number of bee colonies could be supported by it. In addition to ten times the annual income from the bee industry it could give employment and maintenance to three millions of persons; at present about one hundred thousand persons are engaged in it. Among the other published statistics on the subject is that there are fifteen steam power factories and a very large number of small factories engaged in the production of various necessities for the industry. The number of apiarian societies reaches to one hundred and ten.

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A visiting German, an intelligent man, has published for the benefit of his compatriots in Germany, an account of the American characteristics with which he was most forcibly struck.

American interest in personal cleanliness he declared is greater than that of Germans, and he instances in support of his contention the swimming-pools he saw in colleges; the bountiful supply of bath rooms and washing basins in hotels, and the large number of the latter in shops, railway stations and the like. In railway trains likewise soap and towels are to be had in quantities unheard of in Germany. The Americans' devotion to physical exercise also called forth from the critic comparisons between them and the Germans, and recommendations for the imitating of American practices in regard to athletics as a very excellent preparatory training for military service. But this German's admiration for these and other characteristics and customs, which he enumerates is not unminged with alarm for the supremacy of his own nation. He foresees that this country will, in the natural order of events, inevitably pre-empt the markets of Central and South America, and he urges against that day the formation of a European Zollverein. He points out that this country will before long cease to become a customer for German manufactures, and accordingly he regards it as the part of wisdom for Germany to begin as early as now to look out for new avenues of trade for her industries.

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The destruction that follows in the wake of a visitation of hailstorms has finally moved some of those who get their living from the ground to protect their growths from this species of devastation. In the vicinity of Lyons, France, there has been a concerted effort among the vineyard owners to prevent the hailstorms from descending to earth. In a tract of two thousand acres, fifty-two cannon have been placed, a central signal post regulates the fire; when a shot is fired there that is the signal for all of the cannon to be discharged. At first the rate is two firings a moment, then after the first ten shots the firing is delivered more slowly. The method is said to have been efficacious on many occasions, and other vineyard districts have established similar artillery practice. This shooting at clouds is not a new device, it having been practiced, so it is claimed in Italy more than a century ago.

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From special correspondence to the New York Times the reader learns some interesting facts in regard to the Siberian exiles. The enormous total of eight hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred and forty-nine persons were sent to Siberia from 1807 to 1899. In the last twelve years over ninety-five thousand men and four thousand seven hundred women have been sent there—a tremendous disproportion between the sexes. The total number of convicts according to a census taken in 1898, was within a few hundred of three hundred thousand, about two-thirds of whom are vagabonds at large, being without fixed residence. They constitute a permanent army of beggars and thieves. Under a recently promulgated law certain classes of criminals who would formerly have been sent to Siberia, will be imprisoned for from eight months to two years. Hereafter those exiled to Siberia will be, as now, political offenders of whom there are about one hundred annually, and a certain class of tramps who average four hundred and thirty per year. The various Russian prisons and

reformatories have room for about six thousand criminals. This is considered insufficient under the partial abolition of Siberian exile, and accordingly room for about eight thousand additional prisoners is to be provided. The island of Sakhaline is to be made into a penal colony, it having been designated as the place of exile for certain classes of criminals who have already undergone punishment in Russia. It is to be hoped that the end of Siberian exile horrors has been reached.

**

An act of heroism on the part of a man, the object of his humane attempt being an ownerless dog, was included in the day's news not long ago. The story ran that John Doerflinger, of 82 Barbey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., seeing upon the track of an elevated railway a dog which was in danger of being run over, attempted its rescue at considerable personal inconvenience, and as the sequel proved at great risk of injury to himself. Unfortunately, although he did not succeed in rescuing the dog, he himself was severely hurt. The publication of the incident has prompted animal lovers and those also who value unselfish service, to show their appreciation of Mr. Doerflinger's act to express their appreciation in donations of sums of \$5 and less sent to him in care of some one of the big dailies. The incident is referred to here in the hope that among Vogue readers will be found some who will be inspired to express appreciation by way of a bank note. The dog in the case, let it be added for the consolation of any animal lovers who may read these lines, was finally rescued from his perilous position by trainmen.

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In an interesting and well-considered article on The Place of the Private School in Secondary Education, contributed by Louise Sheffield Brownell, Head of the Balliol School at Utica, New York, to the Evening Post, the position of the teacher in the usual private school is thus neatly set forth: The experience of the heads of private schools is that they have great difficulty in securing the very best teachers, this desirable class usually preferring the lower offer of an obscure college to the higher one of a private school. This is due primarily, according to Miss Brownell, to the life that the college offers as compared to that of the school; to the fixed hours of teaching and leisure apart from these; to the social and intellectual prestige among the students which their profession gives; to the recognition by the college authorities of independent intellectual work as a welcome contribution to the work of the college. The school—more especially the boarding-school—too often demands from the teacher, say of mathematics, that she shall chaperone at the theatre and hold "study hour"; or from the head of the department of music that she shall furnish accompaniments to the calisthenic work in the gymnasium. Nothing more galling to professional spirit can be imagined. The work demanded is not in itself menial, or work that she would not occasionally do of her own initiative; but in the student's eyes it confuses itself in the work that is her special pride; renders that work no longer a private service to a single fixed standard, but a heterogeneous m  le of little duties—in a word, it makes her work and her life intolerable. The situation has been met by

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SMART NEW MODELS

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(Continued from page 180)

one enlightened head, by the engagement of "heads of residence" and "mistresses." If the private school is to hold its own, it must have the most excellent teachers procurable, and a way is thus shown by Miss Brownell as to how they may be secured and retained.

"FEATHER FEET"

BY MARY DWIGHT

CHAPTER II

DRreamy June had glided into fast asleep August when one day Jordan was crossing the open country lying between two villages. Heat and weariness—he was on foot—made him grateful for the sight of a little wood within whose shade ran a brook. "A drink of water will go good a day like this," murmured Jordan as he knelt on the wet moss. But he never got his drink! For there, beside a stone, lay the little shoes whose footprints he has sought so long and fruitlessly. He picked one up. There was no doubt about it, it was the same, though worn by the lapse of time and stained with dust.

"How in the name of all that's sensible did you get here?" he asked of the small footgear as it lay on his outstretched palm. "And what are you doing in this wood? It isn't a sacred grove."

The little shoe remained mute, but its fellow gave answer to the second question, for when he bent to pick it up he found a pair of little silk stockings tucked away in it. "Gone wading up the brook! Alone?" No, for there, a few yards away, was a pair of wee Japanese slippers with their attendant stockings. "What won't an American do in a foreign land? It must feel uncommon good to-day prowling about in that cool water!"

Jordan laughed for pure joy at his find. "You'll not escape me this time, Miss Feather Feet." He stood, sentinel-like, over his treasure. Then another thought came to him. "Three's a crowd, even if the third is a little Japanese. I know a trick worth double this." He wrote on a slip of paper from his note-book:

"Feather Feet:

"If you want your shoe meet me at dusk in the Temple Grove.

"He to whom you sang in the Garden of the Pleasure of Peace."

He thrust the note into one of the shoes, then he coolly pocketed the other.

"Clearly I am mad, mad as a March hare," he said, cheerfully. "and how pleasant it is to be so."

Then he stole away down the ravine, but not before a bubble of laughter reached him, and a voice—her voice—singing a snatch of song.

Alas, even in blessed Japan fate shows a grim humor and a tantalizing caprice. By the time he reached the inn Jordan experienced a headache, dizziness, seasickness of the most weakening order. He threw himself on his bed to sleep for a few minutes before he should go forth to meet Feather Feet. "Ten o'clock," said the old-fashioned watch in his pocket when he opened his heavy eyes. He sprang up, then sank dizzily back, his head whirling like a mill wheel.

"I'll write her a note telling her how it happened," he said aloud, thickly. He rose again, and, in spite of strange colors which danced before his eyes, and strange voices which dinned in his ears, he crept to his writing-table. His servant found him there, stretched on the floor.

When Jordan returned from the world of night and dreams into which he entered that day, called by the doctor, "Oriental fever," summer was fading into autumn. He had dreamed and thought and dreamed again of Feather-Feet in those long, idle days in which he waited for strength to come back to him. She had become to him like "the Golden Isles beyond the sunset," for which mariners of old toiled and voyaged, ever just out of reach. She was the Fountain of Youth through which freshness and immortality of heart was to come to him. Seek her he would. But where? No one could tell him anything about her. A foreign lady had been in the village; she was gone now; that was all. And Jordan went, too, back to the city whence he came, and back to the temple, unconsciously, mechanically, like a homing pigeon. Yes, there they lay! Not the same ones, for did not he himself guard one of those under lock and key? but bright, new little shoes, the very fellows of the old pair.

Jordan crept into the dark, warm temple. Incense dimmed the air, a priest was beating a tiny song, young priests were chanting very low. A huddle of people sat and knelt in one corner—foreigners; for he could see their light hair and faces. He pushed out after them. He was close upon Feather Feet as she knelt to put on her shoes.

"Hurry, Orpha," said a tall woman.

"I'm coming," answered her voice, that wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten voice, and then a big, heavy-looking man thrust against him, jostled him back almost into the temple itself. Jordan sprang out on the porch, desire to see Feather Feet divided with desire to knock down the man who had interfered. Various covered 'rickshaws were speeding away. In one sat Feather Feet.

After he had employed every device known to his newly-aroused talents for investigation, to find Feather Feet, and had failed, he went steadily every night to the garden by the river.

"She will come here again," said he, and she did come. One night as the lights were beginning to burn and glow along the water's edge he heard the dip of oars and the sound of low singing. He knew that voice. Jordan ran to the wall that circles the garden, and sat on it, looking straight down on the river. A little boat glided towards him. Two men, Japanese, were rowing it. Jordan saw only one. He scorned the pictures of Feather Feet which he had so carefully drawn when he saw the reality. Her face in the light of the boat torches was like a flower, like a beautiful child, like a spirit. Ah, but neither flower, nor child nor blessed spirit ever knew the sorrow of that face, the pathetic patience, the uncomplaining sadness. She was singing, but as her eyes met Jordan's, the song slowly died away, and a look of recognition dawned in her eyes, yet she had never seen him. Was it the love that blazed in his gaze as he leaned far over the wall, that told her who he was? Was it one of those strange, subtle intuitions none can explain? Who can say? She made a sudden gesture and the boat stopped.

"Feather Feet," cried Jordan wildly, "let me come into your boat."

"No! no!" almost in a whisper.

"Where have you hidden yourself? I have hunted for you everywhere for years?" he rushed on.

"I? I have been here and—up there in the country—where you were when—"

"I was ill with fever, I could not come. Feather Feet, what is your name? Where do you live?"

"Hush," very softly. Then she sang in the same low voice a song in English, a little old love song Jordan had heard when he was a child; a song with a sad, hopeless ending. As the last note died away she whispered "Good-by," and made a quick gesture to rowers.

"Wait," he cried.

But the boat moved swiftly towards the darkness lying out in the river.

He waited at the landing for hours, but no Feather Feet in fairy barque moored at it. He knew her name, he knew her face! Oh, to know more of her! Whole hours Jordan dreamed over that face, so small, so childlike, yet so beautiful. He must find her, this elusive, wraithlike creature that came and went like some being of another world, who gleamed upon him for an instant and then wrapped the mantle of invisibility around her. Jordan was like one kissed by a mountain fay who is forever after doomed to follow her ever flying figure.

"I'll give up this ridiculous business," he said to himself twenty times a day, but his search remained unabated.

It was a dreary, rainy evening, one that made Japan seem like London rather than the land of flowers and light. Jordan shivered as he stepped among the bales and boxes that crowded the wharf. He was trying to find a little steamer, bound for Australia, whose captain was to undertake a commission for him. The decks were wet and dirty and crowded with poor Japanese and forlorn foreigners, for it was a cheap vessel. Down by the rail a woman was struggling to unstrap some luggage. A man stood near, but offered no aid. Jordan glared at him an instant, then looked again. Where had he seen that heavy, sullen face, those dull, wine-bleared eyes? The man had thrown him back by the door of the temple!

"Can't you get through fussing with those things? I want to go below."

His tone was brutal.

"I'm almost ready," answered a soft voice and the woman stood up. It was Feather Feet! Jordan stood rooted to the spot.

"Everything's going wrong this trip," went on the man, "and no one's to blame but you, damn you!"

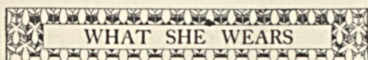
Jordan sprang forward.

"Stop!" he said, though he did not recognize his own voice. "You shall not speak to her so!"

"I don't know as there's any law against a man cursing his own wife, is there?" retorted the man. He caught Feather Feet by the arm and jerked her as one would a refractory dog towards the cabin. She turned her head. Her eyes met Jordan's. The story of her life was told in that look.

Sometime towards morning Jordan entered his room. He had been wandering about the city, he did not know where, ever since he had left the steamer. A box had been left on his

table. It was not addressed and it contained no name. He opened it. Within layers of tissue paper lay a little worn shoe, the mate to the one he stole by the brook.



WHAT SHE WEARS

THE BIG END-OF-THE SEASON NEWPORT BALLS
BROUGHT OUT THE FINEST COSTUMES—
PAINTED DESIGNS A CHARMING FEAT—
TURE—MEDALLION MODEL PRODUCED IN BLACK CHANTILLY—
FLOWERS STILL PREFERRED
CORSAGE DECORATIONS

THE FIRST COOL DAYS

From the sea to mountains and hills, from one social environment to another, is dans l'ordre in September, if you follow the lead of le monde, who study to amuse themselves. All this means that Mrs. X and Y and Z, and most of their friends, are busy during intervals in making preparations, refurbishing wardrobes, and mysteriously going off on flying town visits towards that end. Lenox and Tuxedo then have their innings—set out to bestir themselves accordingly, and bloom suddenly in unwonted gaiety. While the reign of outdoor gossamer gown wear draws to its close one cannot regret the advent of taffeta, and silk and wool voiles and barèges, to be seen during the afternoon driving hours. Tibets and light cloths will soon follow, with all their charm of color and their tailor-made beauty of fit.

Hats are new and in keeping, having the warmth of feather and velvet in trimmings, thereby suiting to perfection the clear autumnal air and in harmony with the brilliant hues of turning leaves everywhere about, thus giving a new zest to faded dress-sensations, which, like appetites, require their caviar.

EXQUISITE BALL COSTUMES

No one will deny that the most beautiful gowns of the season were held back for the big Newport balls at the close of it. The expectation was that every one invited would wear her loveliest creation, and she did. Such beauties! Such laces and wondrous manœuvres; tissues of every sky tint, and incomparable white creations. With these were jeweled treasures of great value worn lavishly. Parures of regal magnificence glittered on lovely heads and necks. One could compare it only to a royal function. In the midst of constant movement and animation passed a preponderance of women noted for personal beauty, for their smartness and chic, framed in the most luxurious of surroundings certainly never surpassed.

SOME COSTUME DETAILS

Critically examining these toilettes, there seemed to be no flaw against good taste, though, as in all large assemblages, there were grades of beauty, as well as of magnificence and elegance. The transparent textures, floated over other transparencies, and a harmony of two or three under colors, were noticeable in some cases. Tulles were often so handled. A thin, vapory silk lay under the laces on some skirts, its sheen showing brilliantly, and

its movement as soft as if it had been chiffon. But not to have—whatever the outer skirt happened to be—one or more underskirt draperies of tulle, mousseline de soie, or chiffon, was, with the exception of the pliable light silks mentioned, a rare exception. Several gowns were distinguished for unique and beautiful designs of flowering branches, wrought with chiffon, and bits of velvet for stems and leaves. These were long branches from the bottom of the skirt, running upwards towards the belt with wide spaces between.

Wonderfully beautiful were two gowns of painted mousseline; one with waving garlands of pink roses, swinging from the bills of love-birds, the other, sprays, of yellow jasmine adjusted in panels with Alençon lace. No description can do justice to creations of this kind, so the best one can do is merely to suggest, and then leave them to the reader's imagination, each one filling out the flaring foot drapery of the train, its vapor lightness and swirling movements, the slender, clinging lines around the figure, the décolletage and perfect bodice, the jeweled trimmed neck, the well poised head coiffé to a charm—in fact, to fancy the most beautiful woman one knows in the toilette hinted at.

LACE MEDALLIONS

In a previous issue of Vogue there was mention of the charming novelty of painted medallions. But heretofore they were seen introduced on crêpe de chine finish tissues, or on mousselines, in pale pastel tints. It remained for a charming matron to show how beautiful such medallions could be inset in black Chantilly, over white silk—the thin, shimmering silk referred to above. Lovely vertical lines of white Alençon—a narrow width—edged the sides of two panels of Chantilly, in odd wavings, suggesting the border of a Louis xv frame. On these tablier panels were four medallions inset on each side, the largest beginning at the foot, and gradually lessening. Two of the smallest size were inset in the centre of the front décolletage, and one in the middle at the back, a bordering of white lace enclosing the three, and further, carried into chain effect from those in front, to the one in the back, perfecting an unique décolletage.

Flowers remain the smart garniture of the corsage. Looped garlands of roses over the skirts of the long traines were to be seen on a white and a pale gray mousseline gown, the latter having, besides, a bottom border of roses. Pale blue roses trimmed the gray gown, while pink roses clambered over the white, and in several rows. On the gray corsage was one bunch of roses, while on the white bodice a décolletage rose wreath gave a charming finish. For a lithe, youthful figure, these rose vines trailing over the skirt, were poetry itself.

Day gowns lose none of their beauty, although the season begins to wane, and a week or two more must bring the wearing of the transparent ones to a sudden end. Indoors we can get full benefit of our prettier frocks the year round. The custom of dressing at home in light colors, and in dressy models, regardless even of wintry weather, has become so firmly fixed that those who do otherwise are exceptional.

THE MODES IN UNDERSLEEVES

There is a distinction to be observed with

regard to wearing attached undersleeves, and it is this. If you have a long, slender waist, where bust and hips are not accented, you need not hesitate to wear the full, gathered-to-the-wrist undersleeve; but even if your waist measure is small, and there should be a certain fullness of line denoting a tendency to the horizontal rather than vertical lines in the natural figure, then let all attached sleeves fit the arm closely. All those who complain of finding these new undersleeves unbecoming have been women who should have had theirs fitted to their arms, in order to suggest a length of arm and leave a clear-cut space on each side of the waist. In wearing long gloves with elbow sleeves this same genre of figure requires that the finish of the elbow sleeve be quite flat and close, either a flat, turned-up cuff or one draped below the elbow in a long, flat line. Slender-armed women look better when the elbow sleeve is ruffled, or has plisses or bows and lace in order to round out the angularity of elbow, and to shorten the length of arm and waist line. Top trimmings to sleeves are apt to shorten the arm, particularly so if the trimming is not of the same fabric as the sleeve.

A PRETTY REMODELING RESULT

Some lace gowns, which have met with many accidents around the bottom, have been turned into underskirts in several ways. Two pretty lace gowns lately so converted are an oleander pink crêpe de chine, having a long train in a fitted flounce of the same and a wide space of fourteen inches between this flounce and the upper skirt, showing the lace one underneath. Narrow vertical straps of black velvet join the crêpe-de-chine flounce to the upper portion of skirt, showing the lace through the lines. A similar strap effect is carried out between the upper part of crêpe skirt portion and the waistband, a space of ten inches, the under lace skirt appearing again. The ends of these velvet straps are hidden under pink mousseline ruchings gathered through the centre, the only exception being the ends, which are carried into the mount of skirt. The outside portion of the elbow sleeves are in like manner strapped over transparent lace. The second gown is a white grenadine, flowered in the palest of green poppies. The upper skirt is entirely of fine guipure lace, while a deep-trailing flounce of the grenadine finely plissé falls from it below the knees. The décolleté bodice is of lace, trimmed with bretelle scarfs of plissé grenadine. Close-fitting short sleeves of transparent lace are strapped crossways with bias bands of grenadine. Both of these gowns are smart examples, recently worn, and so perfectly disguised that no one suspects the lace was ever a gown.

GLIMPSES

AT—

One time it was modish for every woman dining out in the evening at a casino to wear a hat—her smartest, of course. Now you may wear a hat or not, as you please. There are as many smart ones to be seen without hats as with them. Certain gowns are more fetching if hats are worn with them, while others are just the reverse. One must keep herself on the alert over such effects always, if she would sustain a reputation for being well dressed.



GOWNS FOR AUT
FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIO



AUTUMN BRIDES
VISIONS" SEE ANOTHER PAGE

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

[Note.—Readers of Vogue inquiring names of shops where articles are purchasable should enclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and state page and date. See illustrations on this page.]

FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS—FANCY BOLEROS—
SILK BODICES—NEW TRIMMINGS—
NOVELTY VELVETS—BEAVER
HATS—A NEW METAL—
APPLIANCE AT \$1.25 FOR HEATING A
SMOOTHING-IRON BY GAS

Flannel shirt waists of every description are now being shown, and it is apparent that for another season, at least, these most useful articles of dress are to be as indispensable in a well-appointed wardrobe as in the year which is past. However, as it is a garment which is worn by all classes of women, it is necessary to be very careful in one's choice of style and cut, for it is principally by these features that distinction is gained. Too much economy in the buying is not a wise plan.

A shirt waist to be seen in one of the sketches is of scarlet flannel, the front and back being in small tucks in clusters of two, widely separated. Narrow bands of black satin, extending from the shoulders and neck, form a yoke effect. These bands are ornamented with three small gold buttons placed near the end. The sleeves are trimmed with smaller strapings of black satin, and end in a pretty flaring cuff. The box plait, under which the shirt waist buttons, is stitched. This is particularly to be recommended to your notice, as it is good in style, and the combination of colors—red, black and gold—are the latest thing in shirt waists this autumn. The price is \$5.75. Another sketch represents a blue flannel shirt waist, made with no fulness from the shoulders or the neck. The entire front and back of the waist are ornamented with groups of five lines of stitching, forming a stripe effect; price, \$4.98.

Another smart little shirt of mauve flannel, ornamented with three stitched bands of black taffeta, starting just above the line of the bust and extending around the figure. The pretty collar and cuffs are a combination of stitched black taffeta and flannel. The price is \$5.75.

Any of the waists can be had in all the fashionable colors, but as few have been ordered of each style it would be well to order promptly. Less expensive but also good in design and material is a waist of gray flannel. As can be seen in the sketch it is plain across the shoulders and has clusters of three small tucks on either side of the box-plait which is stitched and ornamented with tiny gold buttons. A plain military sleeve, fastening with small buttons tight to the arm finishes this simple but attractive little shirt waist, the price of which is \$3.98.

The sketch of boléro and collar in one piece gives a very good idea for an easily-made fancy bodice, and costs \$16.50. It is a particularly smart design and combines puffs of cream chiffon, hemstitching and very narrow cream silk braid with the lovely material called gold-cloth. This material is not much heavier than gauze, although it has quite a body. It gives the effect of woven gold, is untarnishable and can be bought for \$2.25 a yard. The same material embossed comes at \$2.75. Another beautiful garniture shown in a sketch is particularly adaptable for a décolleté bodice. It could, however, be used with as good effect for a high-necked bodice with a shallow yoke of lace or tucked chiffon. This is a combination of gold cloth, point de gène and renaissance braid, and the shape is particularly novel and effective. The back falls a trifle less long than the front, but it is nearly similar. This creation is cheap at \$11. A gold-cloth sailor-collar edged with broad Russian lace can be had for \$10.50.

One of the new silk bodices is shown in a sketch. It is of ciel blue surah, made with a blouse effect both back and front. Bands of the silk stitched in black extend down the front of the bodice, which fastens a trifle at one side under a shaped band of the silk, also stitched in black. The collar and shallow yoke are of embroidered batiste and there is a little fall of this same material at the side of the bust. A flat collar of the silk, stitched in black, joins the edge of the yoke. The sleeves

are rather larger than formerly, especially at the cuff.

Models of the most exquisite lace robe dresses are being shown among the newest importations, and the indications are that these will be greatly worn by smart women. Russian lace gowns are among the most effective, being newer than those of renaissance, although the latter will still be worn both in black and white. A robe model of overskirt, bodice and sleeves, in black fishscale paillettes with a lovely design in steel beading can be bought for \$60.

The new materials for all-overs are even more beautiful than last year, and show combinations of lace or beading which are elaborate and dainty beyond description. One of the

mention is of cross bands of velvet elaborately ornamented with steel beading and amethysts sewn on strips of heavy cream silk gauze. This would be very smart as a trimming to a gray gown, and would give the effect of hand work. The price is \$3 a yard. A combination of guipure and Russian lace in an effective pattern is not expensive at \$7 a yard.

Among the novelties of the season are velvets in exquisite patterns which almost defy description. Many of the designs are large flowers and leaves. These come in different shades of panne velvets, the ground being of a solid color and the decorations printed or painted as the case may be in the natural shades of the flowers. These materials have a wide range in price and can be bought from \$1.50 to \$8 a

faced under the brim with black and elaborately stitched is extremely smart. As is usual with this style of hat the trimming gives the effect of simplicity and in this case consists only of folds of cream liberty satin circling the high crown and black and white wings that sit high on either side. Price, \$14.

One of gray beaver at \$8 which is of very much the same shape, has folds of the black and white checked velvet which is to be much worn this autumn and winter and will take the place of the foulard silk fold worn during the past season. The brown beaver hat shown in the sketch is one of the most useful and durable and is also very good style. Folds of brown and white checked velvet drape artistically, showing a band of gold braid at the top en-



most exquisite of these was in steel beading, with a large pattern in renaissance lace, outlined with black paillettes. This was \$10.50 a yard; it also comes in six-inch widths at \$2.60 a yard. This exquisite material could, with a little ingenuity, be fashioned into a gown which need not be very expensive. The bodice could be made entirely of the all-over, and the much less costly narrower width could be used in combination with black chiffon or some of the new and lovely gauzes, for the skirt. This would give one a most effective gown for a moderate sum.

Persian embroidery on linen is a novelty, and would be most effective used as a trimming for fancy bodices. It is four inches wide and costs \$3 a yard. Another trimming worthy of

yard. One particularly lovely design was of black panne velvet with a pattern of primroses and leaves in their natural colors and size.

Moiré mirror carnelian is a most exquisite three-tone combination of shades and resembles the faintest colors of a rainbow more than anything to which I can compare it. The price is \$2.90 a yard. Panne velvet in all shades comes with a polka dot in stamped gold at \$3, but this is more suitable for trimming than for whole gowns or bodices. Cream-colored liberty satin with different-sized panne velvet polka dots is unusually pretty and costs \$3.25 a yard.

The hats in the accompanying sketches are suitable for immediate use with golf or walking costumes. One of cream-colored beaver cloth

circle the crown, and in front are two large brown feather pompons. The gold braid is tied in the smartest little bow at the side just back of the pompons. Price, \$12.

One of the pretty novelties of the season is an instand of a new metal. It is made of deep orange glass, the top being almost completely covered with a sun-flower of the metal. The tray upon which this stands is also of the metal and has a design in sun-flower leaves. This would be a pretty and novel gift at \$5. An ash tray of green Vienna bronze in shape of a shell, with a dainty figure of a mermaid in brown is cheap at \$3.50. Another odd tray was of the same metal; a frog's head protruding out of the ripples of a pond, done in green.

"SEEN IN THE SHOPS" ILLUSTRATIONS—SEE TEXT THIS PAGE

A little pen rack which attracted my attention, was novel and cost only \$1. It showed a procession of quaint Pierrots graduated in size and done in French gilt. The figures were in silhouette and the end ones supported the little gold knobs upon which the pens are to rest. A large platter made of this metal decorated in a design of dragon-flies is divided into four compartments. It is intended for serving the different kinds of vegetables at dinner and is a form of dish very much in use in Germany. The price is \$15. There are a great many extremely attractive small articles in this metal at very reasonable prices which would be most fit for birthday or Christmas gifts. The metal itself is handsome, and much resembles silver. It is made in Berlin and does not tarnish. A handsome blotter for a man's desk at \$6 was seen in the same shop; it is of onyx and nickel and the handle is a ram's horn.

Reproductions of odd English cut glass cream pitchers and sugar bowls in green and crystal or red and crystal are being shown and cost \$6 each. An old hanging clock of painted carved wood at \$25 would be appropriate to use in either a hall or dining-room. The long brass weights and the pendulum are of brass, and the face of the clock, which is of an unique design, is hand carved and painted. At the bottom are brown snails, and at the upper corners are red tulips with their green leaves and in the centre is a curious allegorical face, surrounded with tulip leaves.

Photograph frames of hand carved sandalwood, which can be had for \$3.50, are pretty as well as fragrant. There are little doors which close over the picture if desired, or they can remain open. There was also a small oval carved frame to hang on the wall at the same price.

Sheer handkerchiefs of linen with narrow tinted borders and initials are 25 cents each and are nice for morning use. Useful little imitation tortoise shell barrettes for keeping the stray hairs at the nape of the neck in perfect order are only 10 cents each, and come in a variety of shapes, such as large and small crescents, horseshoes, bars, circles and oblongs. The real shell ones are from 25 cents up, according to size and quality.

Of great convenience when traveling or visiting will be found the small apparatus for heating an iron by gas. Who is there who has not occasionally felt the inconvenience of being forced to wear a crumpled frock or bodice upon first arrival at a hotel or country house? This useful little article which is connected by a rubber pipe to the gas jet, obviates this possibility and allows one to appear in all the glory of freshness and daintiness, after no matter how long a journey. The apparatus is small and can be easily placed in a traveling bag or valise and can be bought for \$1.25.

An under vest, which has been designed especially for wear with décolleté or open bodices, is of fine lisle thread. The lower part is plain, and from just below the bust, and a corresponding height in the back, it is openwork, and is lightly fuller. This fullness is drawn away from the centre, and fastens with ribbons on the shoulders. The arm holes are finished with lisle thread lace. This makes a very useful and pretty garment, and is only 50 cents.

Cheviots with whipcord or covert finish, suitable for golf or rainy-day skirts, are only \$1.95 a yard, fifty-six inches wide. They are reversible, and one simple but good style of dark blue and blue and white check, with what is known as hard finish. Another was of blue with a rough surface, with under side of bright plaid. The price of this was \$2.25 per yard.

Little stick-pins of sterling silver, with an imitation emerald, ruby or sapphire sunken in a round rim of silver, are very useful as well as ornamental articles, and can be had for the small sum of 15 cents. These can also be bought in gilt for even less.

A pretty shade of pale blue silk with fleur-de-lis pattern, is very dainty. The silk is called Velour de Laundrie, and has an underweave of white which gives it a most lovely sheen; price, \$1.25 a yard. This would be an ideal lining for a short opera wrap.

A novel slipper is best described as a high pump. The heels, instead of being flat, are Louis xv, and the shoe does not end with a low vamp, but is carried up to about the height of the second eyelet of an Oxford tie. A flat gros-grain silk bow, such as is worn on an ordinary pump, finishes the slipper. There is no

name for it, but I should call it an Oxford pump, as it is something between those two styles. The slipper is glove-fitting, made of patent leather, and is very light; price, \$7.

SMART FASHIONS FOR LIMITED INCOMES

BLESSED MID-SEASON

These mid-seasons are an inestimable boon to all conditions of women in the matter of dress, as they bring a much needed lull at the time domestic demands require the utmost attention in various directions. In the early autumn with the heat of summer still lingering, one needs bracing up for the brisk attacks to be made upon shops; for the constant running about after the house-dressmaking has been set in motion, and the search is on for what is "next-best" to suit alterations, for "matching" is never depended upon nowadays. Then there is that exhausting chase after the places where the sales are cheapest, and after that come "fitting" engagements, the "trying-on" strains of temper, when the dressmaker or tailor happens to be a makeshift or a failure. There come also days of broken promises, when fairy-tales are told to beguile the unwary, days when crushing disappointments turn up, and new gowns fail to

and two smaller pipings for heading. It is hung over a taffeta lining of the same shade. This bolero idea may be carried out in cheaper silks, as it is not imperative to buy a brocade of this quality, unless one should find a cheap remnant, as the wearer of this one did, at a late spring sale, a two-yard length sufficing. There are pretty fancy silks selling at \$1 and \$1.25 per yard, which would turn out prettily. So would a remnant of cachemire panne, in pale colors. Then too, in order to have the benefit of two distinct gowns, there should be a gray bodice, high-necked, to match the skirt for street wear, and very little more expenditure would secure it.

EVOLUTION OF A BLACK LACE SACQUE

Another bit of economy for those having an old-fashioned black lace sacque, once such modish wear, is to take the loose wide back, and turn it into waist form, by putting a single box-plait down the middle. It will be necessary to have a bodice of silk or satin, in some solid color over which black lace looks well. Have this fitted with a plain back, and a vest front low enough in the neck to show a few inches of chemisette, if the neck needs to be covered for day wear, and to show a necklet if for house wear. These fronts near the neck fasten either with two clusters of small fancy buttons, or two large ones, one side lapping

that is, slenderness is still favored and promises to be for another season. Consequently, clinging draperies are to remain in vogue. Pliable materials are seen, and woollens and silks, as well as velvets, remain fit for the same manipulations that we have been accustomed to in the past year. Undoubtedly the cachemire cloths and those fine satin-finish cloths, as well as light-weight camel's-hair materials and the silk and wool weavings, are to be combined with peau de soie, soft taffetas and Louisienne silks, which came into favor last season. Velvets remain, too, in that lightness of weight which renders them so easily worn, and that adorable panne of which we have never tired is, if anything, more beautiful and more modish than ever. The same periods of the two Louises seem to offer to designers of silks untold variety of form and inspiration. Certainly none would acknowledge a weariness of such grace, such entrancing colors and such gay spirited combinations in faultless taste. But that novelties undreamed of are to appear later no one can for a moment doubt.

BLACK AND GOLD—RED PROMISES TO BE POPULAR

Touques of black and of gold, may be more elaborate, it is thought, and there is also, the importers declare, a strong leaning toward reds in millinery and gown fabrics, not vividly so, but blended in, or kept within boundary lines of contrast. As a winter color, well used, in all the shades possible to present manufacture, the result cannot but win favor for its becomingness. In summer, as we have just experienced, red is a reckless color, out of tune with our surroundings generally. There are some situations when it is suitably worn, such as cool days when sailing, driving, and golfing are the order of the day or period, on the sands of the seashore, or when strolling through groves or woodlands. Even then, its success depends upon the manner in which white or black steps in to break its vividness and subdue its all pervading assertiveness. Perhaps no other color betrays so quickly the lack of the wearer's natural taste, as red always does. There is a brutality about it which a man or woman with the gift of harmony of color well developed, never could put to the uses which are frequently seen in personal wear—instances where the eye is color-blind, the sense of color dull and unresponsive.

WHEN DINING OUT

The custom of restaurant dining at least once a week is well established as a feature of metropolitan life. For the diner, bored and perplexed by an interminable printed bill of fare, this menu is prepared.

Oysters: Large Cape Cod.
Stuffed Olives. Celery.
Soup à la Reine.
Soft Shell Crabs.

Timbales of Chicken fill with mushrooms.
Duckling with new Lima beans.
Green Corn cut from ear and sweet red peppers cut long, added. Served on lettuce as a salad with French dressing.
Bar le Duc Strawberries and cream cheese.
Ice Cream served in canteloupe.
Cognac. Black Coffee.

Liqueurs.
Champagne: Pommery served throughout beginning with the soup.

BACK NUMBERS OF VOGUE

Copies of Vogue three months old are 20 cents each, and the price increases 5 cents a copy for each additional three months; i. e., a paper three months old is 20 cents; a paper six months old is 25 cents; a paper nine months old is 30 cents; a paper one year old is 35 cents and so on. Readers ordering back numbers should make their remittances accord with this scale of prices to avoid disappointment and delay.



THE RIKKI-TIKKI-T

THE RAMSEY

Smart models from Phipps & Atchison

appear for such and such engagement, etc., etc., all of which experiences may fall to the lot of the best manager of dress affairs. Therefore is this interlude to be made much of, and to be used as wisely as possible, so as to steer out of these vexations to the best of our abilities.

PRETTY UTILITY GOWN OF WOOL GRENADE

In spite of the calendar summer gowns have lost none of their attraction. The ethereal lawns and organdies have suitable weather still and for a chance day of coolness, voiles and silk-lined grenadines are found to be most fit. An exceedingly pretty combination is a light gray woolen grenadine; for a long skirt, with a pale pink silk tight-fitting bodice, covered by the soft light easy drapery of point d'esprit lace, finely plissé and carried up into the neckband.

Worn with this is a charming bolero consisting of a brocaded gray satin with pink flowers tied up with a narrow white satin ribbon. Imagine how dainty that is! This bolero is unlined. The elbow sleeves are turned up with cuffs to match, while the corsage both back and front is slit into a V shape. On the sides of these openings, which are finished first with a ribbon binding, is laid a two-inch wide pearl passementerie. Where the points meet are large pearl buttons. On the bottom of this bolero no trimming is required; neither is any needed on the flare of the elbow sleeves. The inside finish is a pink silk facing. A white satin belt closed with a gold buckle is worn over the point d'esprit bodice. The skirt is made with a medium flare flounce, which has on the bottom a single piping of the same,

over slightly. The lower part of vest is rounded slightly, thus giving an open middle space above the centre of the belt, but the rest of each vest front enters with the back part into the skirt band securely. It goes without saying that the lace sac mentioned has to be cut away under the arm, and that much of the superfluous length is also cut away. Then the box-plaited back is ready to be draped into an easy fit, while the lace fronts are laid far from the middle, necessitating, also, that the lace be cut on the shoulders to keep in place the finished front edge when it is drawn back. A slight fullness at the waist line then draws these fronts into place at the belt. This gives a narrow shoulder line of lace, and a pretty vest effect of uncovered silk with the lace continued down on either side. As the sleeves of these sacques were long, and often discovered to be rather worn at the elbows, it becomes very convenient to cut them off for modishness, letting the silk lining continue underneath, and finishing it off with lace by the yard. Where the silk vest is rounded, fill up the space so made by gathering some black lace into a jabot fullness at that spot, but have a care to keep it from pressing outward too far, as it would destroy the outline of the figure. Such a jacket is dressy enough for any dinner not ceremonious, and it may be worn with a white, a black, gray or fawn skirt. A gold ribbon belt is advisable, as a touch of gold is now the cachet of smartness on nearly every dressy toilette.

CLINGING DRAPERIES AND LOUIS DESIGNS

The few French hints received up to date indicate no change in the lines of the figure—

IN these mellow autumn days, watching the progress of my house, with its walls rapidly rising, and at the same time regretfully seeing one by one the trees, first in brown and russet, and then in red, and then bare in the frosty wind, I have again cultivated a manner of musing and of turning over in my mind the affairs of the nation.

One is always more or less upset in a presidential year; frequent elections may be democratic in their way, but the mode is antiquated. It did very well when the republic was in its infancy and the great west was a wilderness; to-day it upsets everyone. It is difficult even to control one's employees, or to get any work done in a satisfactory manner. One of the issues of this campaign is the old contest between Labor and Capital, both spelled with very big capitals. I avoid religious discussions and politics, but I think that I may be allowed to prate about them in the abstract.

I have begun to think that we are all on a stage; publicity in this country has made us theatrical. We strut and play to the galleries. We imagine ourselves original, and we take an especial pride in keeping up the part. Here is one man who is a philanthropist. How he beams upon everyone in his walks abroad! His tailor has actually caught the spirit, and you can know him immediately by the cut of his coat. We have an alphabet of public characters, and in the newspapers we know that D stands for humorous stories, V for unbounded wealth, and so on. These ideas are now adopted by the theatre. It was only the other evening that we went on a little excursion to the playhouse in the neighboring town. As in all provincial places, it staggered under the name of Opera House. A traveling burlesque company held the boards. The company had been at Newport and other watering-places in their strollings, and the actors and actresses had read of the people of wealth and fashion, and many references were made to individuals by name, and these were greeted with great applause by the country audience. The country people and those in the provinces read assiduously the newspapers, and especially the accounts of entertainments of all kinds. Say what you will, Newport and Bar Harbor, New York in its season, or Philadelphia or Washington become theatres, and the curtain rises on a play, a drama or a comedy each day in the year. The personages who compose society are as well known by name at Smith's Corners, where their doings are discussed by the sewing society and at the tavern at night, as at Newport itself. What are you going to do about it? Who is to blame? The people themselves or men like my good friend, Tommy Plumever? I have often suspected that he had latent qualities as a playwright or a novelist, and that he is wasting his great talents in making amusing puppets, in a manner after Thackeray, of some very ordinary and stupid people in his daily and weekly column of that which frequently does not occur in society.

We become accustomed to see ourselves starred, and we feel that we must live up to the acquirements expected as a star. We are the great stellar aggregation. Now and then some reverend gentlemen or some one in literature who has only sniffed the battle from afar, shocked and goaded by Tommy's picturesque descriptions of the amounts lost in Bridge Whist or the sinfulness of Sunday golf, starts ahead and hurls invectives against us. I wonder if Tommy's conscience is ever moved. I wonder if he thinks for a moment that all this world of fashion depicted by him and his contemporaries, is merely fictitious. The people who read of themselves hardly recognize their own entities. Others unfortunately, as I have already said, want to live up to the characters given them, and they begin to assume the rôle at once. This importance is all imaginary; it is a figment of Tommy's brain and the delusion

of a few managing editors who think it goes well with pictures. Every one must be written up nowadays, and like Prince Paul in the Grande Duchesse, many pass their days scanning the newspapers to see what is said of them.

All these reflections have been inspired by what I consider a very extraordinary public manifestation. A young man, the son of a millionaire, brought up in luxury, a college graduate, brilliant, modest and settled in his convictions as to his life work, goes into the Church and takes Holy Orders. A few years ago, another young millionaire had the same idea, and went abroad with the purpose of studying there for the same object. In England, every young man has a career; one son looks after the property and is the heir, and in a large family you will always find for younger sons the army, the navy and the church. Of late years, England has become very democratic, and many younger sons go into stock-brokerage, into finance, into real estate and in fact become city men. The reason of this is plain: we are living in the golden age; money is the great essential. However, should even a prince of the blood go into the church, there would be a few paragraphs in the newspapers about it, and then you would hear no more unless the young clergyman distinguished himself. On the other hand, the newspapers have been filled with descriptions of the American millionaire's son, as if it were the strangest thing in the world that a young man of talent and of noble purpose, should choose to go forth and teach and take up the work of his Master.

Another young millionaire has a Bible class. At once pictures are published nearly every Sunday of him and his pupils, together with illustrations of his lessons and his work. The great trouble with the wealthy young men of America is that they have nothing to do. A gentleman of leisure on this side of the ocean, and one on the other are beings of quite different order.

Perhaps the European has had centuries of practice, and he knows even how to make a business out of doing nothing. How I remember the young Americans abroad going from café to café, from American bar to American bar in the various continental cities, and being bored to death in a short time. We are bored to death everywhere. We cannot stop in one place a very long time. I confess myself if the estate had not to be looked after occasionally, I should myself be in a very bad way. But I have tried to model myself upon those who have cultivated the art of doing nothing, and when I am at a loss for occupation, I put out to sea or try absolute change of scene. But I find very few men who, even if they have the same resources, care to make use of them. They prefer to go through the same treadmill day after day, and be miserable three quarters of the year.

But to return to my millionaires. It would seem as if it would be more difficult to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man's son to take up the work of evangelizing. Of course if I should suggest to many pious Christian friends that we have again arrived at the age when golden calves were set up in temples, I should be looked at with horror and as one guilty of blasphemy. The notoriety in these cases to which I have referred has not been sought, far from it. It is most distasteful. But Tommy Plumever, representing the public mind and the public taste and the public curiosity, has dragged these young men from their retirement, and without a word in regard to the benefits which these neophytes can bestow upon their flocks and the splendid equipment, in an age of money, they can bring to the fulfilment of their work, by having that one essential and being able to fight the powers of evil with the devil's own weapons. No. I see nothing of that kind, but it is simply a song of money, money, money.

The public, through Tommy Plumever, demand that certain men appear on the boards and in full glare of the lime light and go through their little act. Nolens volens they are dragged on the stage and are made stars. Some of them unfortunately imagine that this is really true importance and they take advantage of it; and they endeavor to bring down the house.

I have begun to think that there is a middle course in life, especially in America. If I were king, I should expect the Court Chronicle to tell my subjects when and where I drove abroad, and who were my guests at the State

dinner in the evening, and when and where I was to lay the next cornerstone, open the next bazar or dedicate the next bridge. But I do not wish to shine in a reflected light. I have begun to differ from the published views of Mr. Gerry in regard to publicity. For years, I know that he was most opposed to anything of the kind, and now like many others he settles himself down with a sigh of resignation and says as we all do, "If they must have these details, let them at least have them correctly."

But I think it is high time to stop it; we have much with which to contend. Our tradespeople will give away our doings because it advertises them, and we know very well that when we read of certain dinners and decorations, written in Tommy's most fluent and delicious style, that under the very flowers we see the cloven foot of Smith & Co., The Marigold Florists, or the band master who leads our little orchestra or one of the artists we have employed to sing or recite for us or someone of the household interested in placing him or herself before the public. So what can we do?

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

SINGLE-BREADED FROCK COAT IMMINENT—AN
ANALYSIS OF IT—FIT MATERIAL—NEW
FABRICS—CUT OF TROUSERS AND
WAISTCOATS—MANY NEW SHAPES
IN DERBYS

ACCORDING to the opinions of some fashionable tailors, the single-breasted frock coat, worn by the Prince of Wales at the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace during July, and spoken of in this article under date of 16 August, is to be the smartest afternoon garment of the coming winter.

If for no other reason than that there has been ample time to tire of the old style, these opinions should prove to be correct; but there are other reasons, the chief of which is that really smart dress must be distinctive. It is undoubtedly true that more is required than the mere simple cut of a coat to make a well-dressed man; but, nevertheless, there must from time to time be a return to an old fashion or a progression to something new, in order that one-half of the world may not wear the exact types of clothes worn by the other half. One of the first principles of society (using the word in its narrow sense) is exclusiveness, and the rule applies to dress almost as strongly as it does to manners, customs and social etiquette. Just so long as a thing can be confined to the use of a certain class it has a fair chance of retaining its place in the social scale; but when, through the imitation of the masses—an imitation often thrust upon them quite as much as striven after by them—a thing becomes so universally in use as to bear the stamp of commonness; then its doom is sealed.

This, it seems to me, is likely to be the case with the double-breasted frock coat, which, though as far as looks and general utility are concerned, is as good now as ever, and over which perhaps the single-breasted type is in those respects no improvement; still, it is so generally owned and worn by every class of civilized man, from the king in his palace to the beggar at the gate, that some change seems inevitable among smartly dressed men. I hope my meaning may not be mistaken; it is not by any means intended that the double-breasted frock may not be worn by well-dressed men and be as good style as it ever was, but merely that because of the fact it will be more generally worn by all classes, whereas the single-breasted type will, as seems likely, be worn at first only by a comparatively small number of men, the latter will be somewhat the smarter of the two.

Though there may be some slight and immaterial changes made by our tailors in the construction of this garment—and there are certain to be some in case they see, or think they see, any possible chance of improving it—in the main it will be modeled after the coat worn by the Prince, for the details of which I am indebted both to one of our most fashionable tailors, whose model I have seen, and to a description in the August number of Fashion, stated to be from information supplied by the maker.

It is made on the general lines of the double-breasted coat; that is to say, with the similar shoulders, back and waist lines, so that from

behind one style might easily be mistaken for the other. In length it is somewhat shorter than the fashionable frock coat of last winter, the bottom of the skirts falling to within an inch and a half of the knees instead of reaching a trifle below the knees, as was the fashion of the past season. The waist line, which runs around almost straight from the lowest button in front to the top of the tails at the back, is fairly high, though no more so than the waist line of the frocks of the past season; the front of the coat, which is worn open, falls straight and close to the body. The skirts hang smoothly from the waist, and have some little belled appearance, which is caused by that line, but they are without the fulness of material given to the double-breasted garment. The lapels, which are full faced with silk of fine quality running well back into the coat, are of one piece with the coat, somewhat narrower than the lapels of the double-breasted frock, but of practically the same shape. There is a buttonhole on the left lapel, and the top button of the three on the front, which are covered with the same material as that of which the coat is made, is placed just at the end of the lapels. The sleeves are cut to fit fairly close from the elbow to the cuffs, and have three buttons, these being also covered with the coat material.

There is little change in the cut or fashion of the double-breasted frock, the full facing talked about during last winter, and from time to time since then, not having materialized, and braid or ribbon binding being decidedly the exception. In England the binding of the afternoon and morning coat was, I believe, so usual as to have amounted to a fashion, but in this country it has not been popular since the old days of diagonal cutaways. Many coats are given somewhat of a cuff effect on the sleeves by a very narrow edging, but braid, except upon the outer seam of evening trousers, is rarely used.

In having a frock coat made, whether it be of the single or double-breasted variety, the greatest care should be taken to get a perfect cut of shoulders and waistline. I have not used the word fit advisedly, because, though, of course, every garment should fit, the words are by no means synonymous. A coat that fitted like a glove would, besides being extremely uncomfortable, accentuate any deficiencies of figure one might happen to possess, and the deficiencies are precisely what a well cut garment should conceal. I have seen decidedly round-shouldered men given most beautifully square shoulders by a well-cut coat, and others with shallow chests made to look broad and athletic. Assuming, however, that one is a well-built figure, the elements of style in a frock coat—and this should apply as well to either the single- or double-breasted type—are very sharply cut in side lines to give as much breadth to the shoulders, and as narrow a waist as possible. The turn over the hips should be smooth, and in the double-breasted frock there should be a good deal of fullness of material about the skirts.

The matter of material is always a question, and it is so dependent upon individual taste and preference that there must necessarily be some hesitancy in advising. Vicuna, cachemire, shetland and chevrons are all used, in various weights, and either black or the darker shades of gray. Black is always good form, and the most useful, perhaps for all occasions, but the dark gray tones have often more style and a smarter appearance. Medium grays for autumn are not too light, but for all around wear in autumn and winter the darker shades are the best.

There will be no change in the trousers to be worn with afternoon clothes, the striped worsteds and cachemires being the most in vogue. Some of the French cloths struck me as being rather prettier than those from the English mills, which seemed to bear a great resemblance one to another, but, after all, there are an infinite number and variety from which to select. The stripes should not be too large and noticeable, but still they should have some character and not be entirely lost and meaningless. Dark grays are, generally speaking, the smartest for winter wear. In cut trousers for afternoon wear with a frock or dark morning coat, should not be quite as broad as those of the lounge suit, but they should be straight in the leg, and made to set well over the boots

(Continued on page 190)

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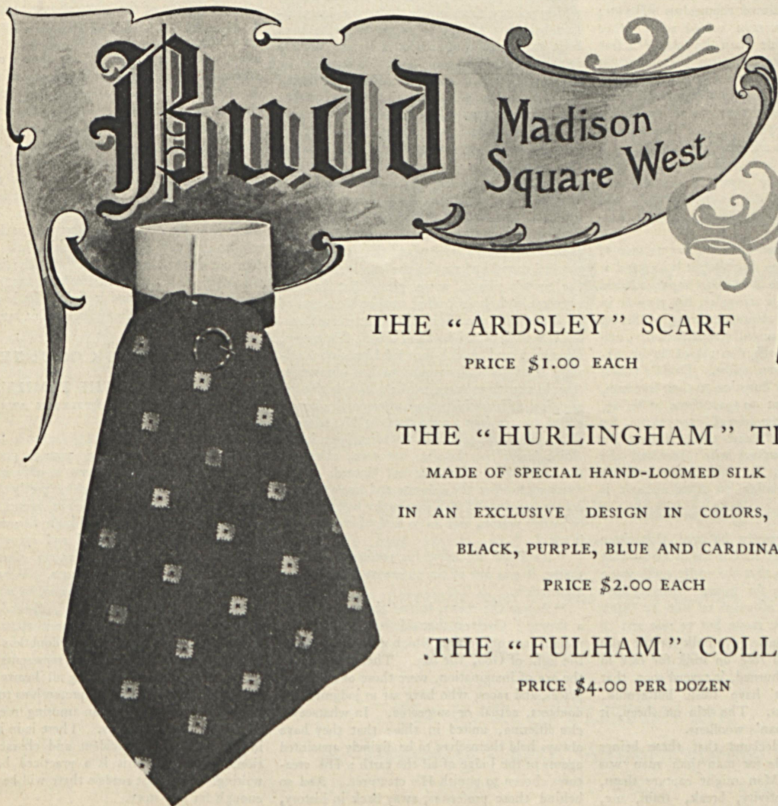
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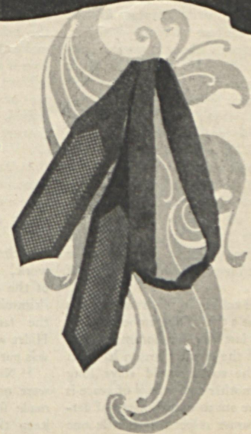
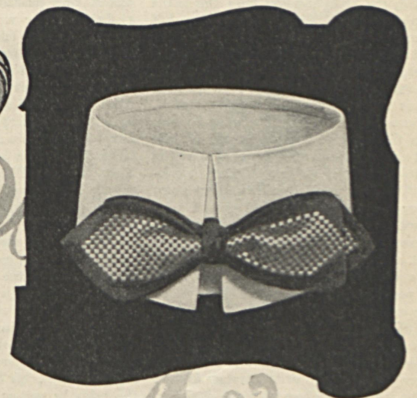
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without wrinkling. The crease is, of course, as essential now as ever, and nothing hurts the shape so much as to allow it to get out, or to permit any bagging at the knees. Evidently this may be prevented by proper wear and care, but at any rate, unless the cloth has become stretched out of all shape, the right kind of pressing will remedy it.

Trousers of sack or lounge suits are somewhat fuller than those intended for afternoon or evening wear, and when of flannel the custom has been, and still is to turn them up at the bottom. There is a good deal of fullness over the thighs, and a gradually increasing narrowness down the leg to the bottom, but the lines should be perfectly straight in cut, and not follow even in the slightest degree the shape of the leg.

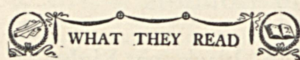
There are no noticeable changes in the cut of the sack suit, and it seems probable that there will be none for several months to come, although there is, of course, no foretelling what the winter may bring forth. With the change from unlined to lined jackets, the patch pocket will be less used, but in shortness and general cut the winter sack coat will follow closely the lines of the summer flannel jacket, being rather straight in front, and with a slight spring to the side seams. The centre seam in the back is now rather unusual in the ordinary lounge coat, and there are no slits either behind or on the sides. Until the weather becomes really cool flannel will remain as much in vogue as ever, and even after the frost has set in the material in heavier grades will be used. I have seen some extremely pretty winter flannels in dark colors with indistinct line and plaid markings, the mixtures of red and green being particularly good. Browns and brown and red mixtures also bid fair to be smart for autumn suits, the latter being especially good for cool, crisp days. There is a certain warmth in these colors as attractive to the eye on a cold day as blue and white, on account of their coolness are on a warm afternoon in summer. For the rest, black, dark blues and the gray mixtures will all be in evidence. I have been struck during the past few weeks by the apparent popularity of the Norfolk jacket as a style of country lounging dress, and have noticed a number of full suits of tweed. Many are made with a square yoke over the shoulders, the plaits running from this to the bottom of the coat. One, as I remember, had the two usual plaits in front, and a single plait behind in the middle of the back, while another was made with fly buttoning down the front, and without belt; in reality not a Norfolk jacket at all, or at any rate a variation of it. I saw several of these garments during a recent visit in the country, that were made of light flannel and worn with long trousers as well as with knickerbockers and ribbed woolen stockings. They had patched pockets with buttons fastening to the flaps, and one or two were made with cuffs on the sleeves. An extremely good autumn shooting suit for easy country consists of an ordinary cloth cap with fairly low vizor, a Norfolk jacket of tweed with large patch pockets, tweed knickerbockers, ribbed woolen stockings and brown canvas gaiters over a pair of stout tan boots. There is more ease about such a costume than there is about one of khaki or canvas, although as everyone who has ever traversed our forests primeval knows, the latter materials are best for rough work.

Concerning waistcoats, though we shall undoubtedly see all kinds, I am inclined to think that for ordinary wear the single-breasted will be somewhat the more fashionable. It should be rather short and cut fairly high. For evening wear the double-breasted white waistcoats of various cuts will be worn, and with frock coat the white waistcoat of duck, linen or piqué will, it seems, be as popular as ever. In this country the braided waistcoats have not yet become a fashion, and it is to be hoped that such will continue to be the case. White braiding on a white waistcoat might not be positively ugly, but imagine the appearance of black!

The time for the calling in of straw hats has almost come. The 15th of September used to be considered the last day for summer headwear, but now that the country season has been lengthened, and the social world stays long away from town, another two weeks of grace is accorded it. There are so many shapes of derbies, differing in some respects but little one

from another, and in other cases varying considerably, although made by equally smart and fashionable hatters, that it would be of little value to describe them in any detail; and I have always considered the best plan is to endeavor to suit one's hat to one's individual type of head and face. One must not, of course, so disregard the prevailing fashion as to call attention to one's hat by having it of a style that is fantastic or entirely out of date; but it is far better policy to wear a hat that is becoming than one that is not, notwithstanding the narrow lines of convention and the dictates of precise fashion.

How.



[NOTE. Books are selected for review in Vogue chiefly with regard to the interest they have for its readers. Inquiries addressed to Vogue concerning the entertaining or instructive qualities of new publications will receive immediate attention.]

THE REIGN OF LAW

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN. THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Nothing in connection with this book has been more interesting and at the same time disheartening, than the account given by a librarian in Kentucky as to the comments made in regard to it by some women subscribers. One objected to it because it is "full of impossible descriptions about hemp, and my husband is a tobaccoist." Was there a more acute instance of a waste of pearls of thought? Amazing is it that any one beyond the public school primary department can read Mr. Allen's prose-song of the hemp, instinct with fancy and sympathy, without being touched by its beauty and pathos. It is a fitting prelude, as it was designed to be, for the life which is sketched in the pages that follow. One of the women library subscribers already referred to declined to finish the book because she had read sixty-five pages and there was not a single word of love in it. Another said she was bored with so much religion and no story. For the credit of Louisville, Ky., it should be recorded that not all the women readers thus proclaimed themselves illiterate; a discriminating woman voiced what other readers must have felt when she said: "I feel that this man has laid bare his innermost thoughts to us, his very soul's struggles for a broad and true religion; that it is James Lane Allen's mind and soul that we are examining beneath a microscope." These diverse summings up of a fine work were written out by a Kentucky librarian and published in the New York Times. They represent probably the popular and ignorant and the discriminating and cultured opinion of the book in every community.

David, so fitly named, is the sincere man of enlightenment whose discipline it is to stand at the cross roads as the old order begins to yield to the new while his struggles, his growth in knowledge, his development through suffering and position are presented sympathetically, and at length; the part affection played in his experience is also given space. David's tender care of animals, his devotion to their interests, the pains he was at to spare them suffering, make the heart of the animal lover rejoice, for here is an advocate of dumb things among the brilliant, forceful writers who command the ear of the public, for which the gods be praised. Man in relation to other animals is thus set forth.

"David had formerly believed that these creatures were created for the use of man—that old conceited notion that the entire earth was a planet of provisions for human consumption. It had never even occurred to him to think that the horses were made but to ride and to work. Cows of course gave milk for the sake of the dairy; cream rose on milk for ease in skimming; when churned, it turned sour, that the family might have fresh butter-milk. Hides were for shoes. The skin on sheep, it was put there for man's woollens."

"Now David declared that these beings were no more made for man than man was made for them. Man might capture them, keep them in captivity, break, train, use,

devour them, occasionally exterminate them by benevolent assimilation. But this was not the reason of their being created: what that reason was in the Creator's mind, no one knew or would ever know."

"Man seizes and uses you," said David, working that day in his barn; "but you are no more his than he is yours. He calls you dependent creatures: who has made you dependent? In a state of wild nature, there is not one of you that man would dare meet: not the wild stallion, not the wild bull, not the wild boar, not even an angry ram. The argument that man's whole physical constitution—structure and function—shows that he was intended to live on beef and mutton, is no better than the argument that the tiger finds man perfectly adapted to his system as a food, and desires none better. Every man-eating creature thinks the same: the wolf believes man to be his prey; the crocodile believes him to be his; an old lion is probably sure that a man's young wife is designed for his maw alone. So she is, if he manages to catch her."

And then David was no hermit nor was he so absorbed by problems that he was proof against romantic love so that those readers who must have love in a story need not fear being cheated of that element. More intelligent readers will find much else in the book to admire. How strong a scene and how suggestive it is made by the author, where David the doubter is cited to appear before the professors of a Bible College and his pastor.

"Old, old scene in the history of man—the trial of his Doubt by his Faith: strange day of judgment, when one-half of the human spirit arraigns and condemns the other half. Only five persons sat in that room—four men and a boy. The room was of four bare walls and a blackboard, with perhaps a map or two of Palestine, Egypt, and the Roman Empire in the time of Paul. The era was the winter of the year 1868, the place was an old town of the Anglo-Saxon backwoodsmen, on the blue-grass highlands of Kentucky. But in how many other places has that scene been enacted, before what other audiences of the accusing and the accused, under what laws of trial, with what degrees and rigors of judgment! Behind David, sitting solitary there in the flesh, the imagination beheld a throng so countless as to have been summoned and controlled by the deep arraigning eye of Dante alone. Unawares, he stood at the head of an invisible host, which stretched backward through time till it could be traced no farther. Witnesses all to that sublime, indispensable part of man which is his Doubt—Doubt respecting his origin, his meaning, his Maker, and his destiny. That perpetual half-night of his planet-mind—that shadowed side of his orbit-life—forever attracted and held in place by the force of Deity, but destined never to receive its light. Yet from that chill, bleak side what things have not reached round and caught the sun! And as of the earth's plants, some grow best and are sweetest in darkness, what strange blossoms of faith open and are fragrant in that eternal umbra! Sacred, sacred doubt of man. His agony, his searching! which has led him always onward from more ignorance to less ignorance, from less truth to more truth; which is the inspiration of his mind, the sorrow of his heart; which has spoken everywhere in his science, philosophy, literature, art—in his religion itself; which keeps him humble not vain, changing not immutable, charitable not bigoted; which attempts to solve the universe and knows that it does not solve it, but ever seeks to trace law, to clarify reason, and so to find whatever truth it can."

"As David sat before his professors and his pastor, it was one of the moments that sum up civilization."

"Across the room, behind them also, what a throng! Over on that side was Faith, that radiant part of the soul which directly basks in the light of God, the sun. There, visible to the eye of imagination, were those of all times, places, and races, who have sat in judgment on doubters, actual or suspected. In whatsoever else differing, united in this: that they have always held themselves to be divinely appointed agents of the Judge of all the earth: His creatures chosen to punish His creatures. And so behind those professors, away back in history,

were ranged Catholic popes and Protestant archbishops, and kings and queens, Protestant and Catholic, and great mediæval jurists, and mailed knights and palm-bearing soldiers of the cross, and holy inquisitors drowning poor old bewildered women, tearing living flesh from flesh as paper, crushing bones like glass, burning the shrieking human body to cinders: this in the name of a Christ whose Gospel was mercy, and by the authority of a God whose law was love. They were all there, tier after tier, row above row, a vast shadowy colosseum of intent judicial faces—Defenders of the Faith."

"But no inquisitor was in this room now, nor punitive intention, nor unkind thought. Slowly throughout the emerging life of man this identical trial has gained steadily in charity and mildness. Looking backward over his long pathway through bordering mysteries, man himself has been brought to see, time and again, that what was his doubt was his ignorance; what was his faith was his error; that things rejected have become believed, and that things believed have become rejected; that both his doubt and his faith are the temporary condition of his knowledge, which is ever growing; and that rend him faith and doubt ever will, but destroy him, never."

"No Smithfield fire, then, no Jesuitical rack, no cup of hemlock, no thumb-screw, no torture of any kind for David. Still, here was a duty to be done, an awful responsibility to be discharged in sorrow and with prayer; and grave good men they were. Blameless was this lad in all their eyes save in his doubt. But to doubt—was not that the greatest of sins?"

Gabriella, the one being who appreciates David, is a Southerner bereft of house and kindred by the Civil War. Thus is the position of the two sketched:

"Thus by the working out of vast forces, the lives of Gabriella and David had been jostled violently together. They were the children of two revolutions, separate yet having a common end: she produced by the social revolution of the New World, which overthrew mediæval slavery by the intellectual revolution of the Old World, which began to put forth scientific law, but in doing this brought on one of the greatest ages of religious doubt. So that both were early vestiges of the same immeasurable race evolution, proceeding along converging lines. She, living on the artificial summits of a decaying social order, had farthest to fall, in its collapse, ere she reached the natural earth; he, toiling at the bottom, had farthest to rise before he could look out upon the plains of widening modern thought and man's evolving destiny. Through her fall and his rise, they had been brought to a common level. But on that level all that had befallen her had driven her as out of a blinding storm into the church, the seat and asylum of religion; all that had befallen him had driven him out of the churches as the fortifications of theology. She had been drawn to that part of worship which lasts and is divine; he had been repelled by the part that passes and is human."

ON THE BOOK COUNTER

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY. By W. E. NORRIS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A Superbly handsome, young good-for-nothing is the hero of this international tale in which a pretty American widow is the most active agent. The fortune hunters of English high life are displayed in all their ugly greed and sycophancy, and readers will doubtless regret that they finally brought down their game. What any sane woman of independent means, in any state of life, wants of a selfish, lazy, ill-bred man, however Apollo-like he may be in appearance, passes comprehension; but doubtless Mr. Norris is true to fact when he represents handsome young Strobe as carrying all hearts before him. The tale makes no pretensions to being intended other than as an amusing means of employing odd half hours. There is in it love in abundance, plot, incident and characterization, and Mr. Norris is a practiced hand at writing. For most readers there will be merits enough for one story.



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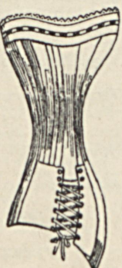
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Vogue publishes one pattern a week. This gives the subscriber fifty-two designs a year, carefully selected to meet the requirements of the season. All the designs are smart. The patterns are in one size only—medium. The Vogue Weekly Patterns are at the uniform price of fifty cents each if accompanied with a coupon cut from any number of Vogue, or sixty cents without a coupon. Vogue supplies patterns of its illustrations cut to order at special prices, which will be sent on application.

The pattern for this week is for a short petticoat. This model may be developed in flannel or muslin, and trimmed with lace and insertion, or it may be more simply finished if desired. A well fitting yoke is a very good feature of this model, as skirts and drawers should always fit snugly about the waist and hips.

WHISPERS

TO THE GIRL WITH NOTHING A YEAR

The shirt waist does not lose its popularity; therefore flannel and silk shirts will be seen in a great variety this autumn, to be worn with outing skirts and with the tailor suits. In flannel the shirts are made of the pastel shades and embroidered. Many of the new models are trimmed with silk of a slightly lighter shade than the flannel. This silk is used as pipings on tucks for the stocks and belt. One pretty model is made entirely of tucked light green flannel, the tucks running on the bias, and on every seventh tuck a piping of velvet in the same shade. The sleeves are made in the same way. The stock is also of flannel with double bow in front of velvet. High corselet belt of velvet with dull gold buckle. These bodices are really not shirts but fancy waists, and are only appropriately worn with tailor suits, not for golfing or other sports. Then a plain tailor shirt should be worn. Another good model was made of tan taffeta and ecru lace. The deep yoke back and front, top of the sleeves and collar were entirely of lace. The lower sleeves and bodice were of silk laid in box plaits. The cuffs were narrow bands of lace, and on left side of the bodice was a large choux of tan, white and light blue chiffon. The belt was of taffeta.

Velvet bodices will also be worn this winter as well as those of velveteen. Liberty velveteen makes lovely bodices, and wears extremely well. An effective model is a pretty shade of green, or brown, whichever is most becoming, made with a round yoke back and front with bishop's sleeves and a central box-plait, and standing collar. The narrow cuff that confined the fullness of the sleeves, the collar, yoke and plait are embroidered with gold thread and blue fillole in a simple design of wheels and cross stitching, or you may have the velvet stamped with a fine design of flowers and leaves, and embroider them with gold, light blue and green.

The slippers for dress occasions this year seem to have higher heels than ever, and as they are more becoming, women will wear them even if they are not good for the health. On dancing slippers the heels are lower. For street wear the shoes and boots are very sensible, with low heels, broad toes and extension soles. Tan shoes are not fashionable for city wear, and are seldom worn by well-dressed women except for tennis, golf and bicycling; for these uses they are more sensible, as they do not show the dust as much as black shoes. The patent-leather slippers with high heels and square rhinestone buckles, or those of gold, are most popular for general evening wear, worn with openwork stockings of black silk. Heavy black silk stockings look very well for golf and tennis, as they fit better and wear longer than a cotton stocking. They must of course be heavier than the ordinary silk stocking.

Broadcloth of a very fine quality promises to be very popular again this winter, and it deserves to be, for it is universally becoming, wears well, and even if it is more expensive at first, lasts much better than the rougher cloths. Tan, black, blue and brown all seem to be worn as much as they were last season. The

new skirts flare very much at the bottom, and remain tight around the hips. The skirt illustrated in Vogue of 6 September, on the pattern page, would look extremely well in tan broadcloth, with button molds covered with the same material, and stitching of the same color as trimming.

Princesse gowns will again be worn for afternoon and evening gowns, and nothing is prettier or more becoming if well cut and worn by a woman of good figure. At a recent wedding the bridesmaid's gowns were made in Princesse, entirely of ecru lace in a fine pattern over silk of the same color, with half belts and corsage choux of light blue. This gown would also be effective for the evening with long sleeves and square décolleté neck. Elbow sleeves from present indications will be as much worn during the winter as they have been this summer. They are becoming to most women, if worn with gloves, and also more economical, as the gloves do not have to be as long as those for full evening dress. Evening gowns with long

who is tall and slender these coats are most becoming. The lines on which they are made are much like those worn last year, the empire effect being perhaps the most popular. The collars are high, of fur, or trimmed with stitched bands in a design or braided. The sleeves are a little larger at the top than those worn last year and the cuffs are large and slightly flared at the wrist, coming well down on the hand, and usually trimmed to match the collar.

A pretty and becoming gown for a young girl's dinner dress when at home is made of blue cachemire of a fine quality and plaited blue chiffon or liberty silk. The skirt is double, the under-skirt being covered to above the knees with a plaited flounce of chiffon. The over-skirt is three inches shorter than the under one and slashed up on either side of the front breadth, leaving an opening four inches wide at the bottom and running up to a point at the top of the chiffon flounce. The entire over-dress is edged with applications of narrow insertion

Baked bluefish stuffed with tomatoes au gratin
Dressed cucumbers
Patties of mushrooms trufflé
Filet à la jardinière
Champagne
Chicken liver en brochette
Crab royale
Cheese sticks
Ice cream with marron
Brandy sauce
Fancy cakes

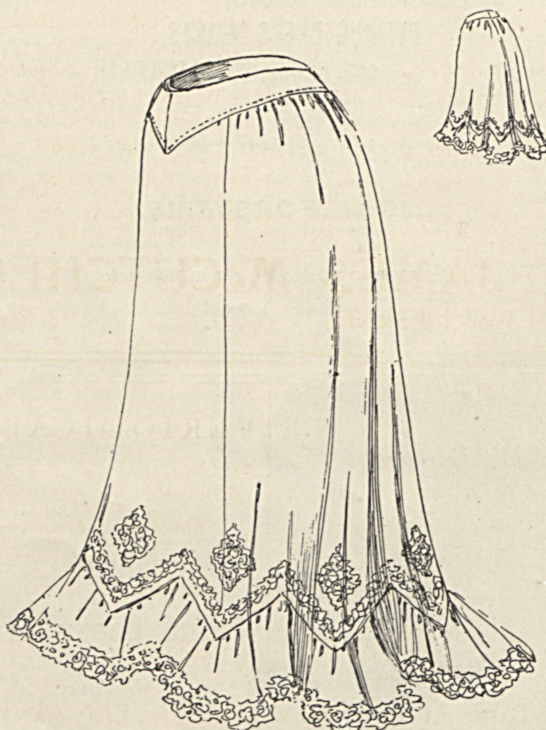
Bon-bons
Black coffee
Brandy Cigarettes Cigars Liqueurs

REQUESTS FOR PATTERNS

Readers of Vogue who desire special patterns published should send in their requests promptly. The pattern that is in most general demand will be published in preference to others. Up to this date the patterns published are:

- No. 2 Golf Cape.
- No. 4 Drop Skirt.
- No. 6 Lace Guimpe.
- No. 7 Breakfast Jacket.
- No. 8 Shirt Waist.
- No. 11 Light Summer Skirt.
- No. 12 Light Summer Bodice of No. 11.
- No. 13 Bathing Suit.
- No. 14 Three Stock Collars.
- No. 15 Little Boy's Frock.
- No. 16 Little Girl's Dress.
- No. 17 Eton Jacket.
- No. 19 Tight Fitting Petticoat.
- No. 20 Ladies' Blouse Waist.
- No. 21 Three Corset Covers.
- No. 22 Three-piece Skirt, circular flounce.
- No. 25 Fancy Wrap.
- No. 26 Lace Coat.
- No. 27 Chemise and Drawers.
- No. 28 Night Gown.
- No. 29 Dressing Gown.
- No. 30 Combination Chemise and Skirt.
- No. 33 Child's Coat.
- No. 34 Shirt Waist.
- No. 35 Silk Waist.
- No. 38 Girl's Coat.
- No. 39 Jacket with Carrick Capes.
- No. 40 Tucked skirt with box-plaited back.
- No. 41 Box Plaited Skirt.
- No. 44 Fancy Silk Bodice.
- No. 45 Child's Afternoon Frock.
- No. 46 Dressing Sacque.
- No. 47 Plain Shirt Waist.
- No. 48 Three Sleeves.
- No. 49 Bed Jacket.
- No. 50 Fancy Wash Waist.
- No. 51 Yoke Night Gown.
- No. 52 Skirt Suitable for Wash Material.
- No. 53 Waist of No. 52.
- No. 54 Box Plaited Skirt.
- No. 55 Five-gored skirt with tucked back.
- No. 56 Little Boy's Russian Suit.
- No. 57 Tucked Silk Eton.
- No. 58 Short Skirt.
- No. 59 Nine-gored Tailor Skirt.
- No. 60 Jacket to be worn with No. 59.
- No. 61 Fancy Lace Bolero.
- No. 62 Tucked Circular Skirt.
- No. 63 Plain Tailor Skirt.
- No. 64 Collarless Eton.
- No. 65 Girl's Wash Frock.
- No. 66 Bathing Suit.
- No. 67 Circular Skirt with tucked flounce.
- No. 68 Fancy Cape.
- No. 69 Kimono Dressing Sack.
- No. 70 Short Walking Skirt.
- No. 71 Norfolk Jacket.
- No. 72 New Corset Covers.
- No. 73 Three-piece Skirt with plaited flounce.
- No. 74 Fancy Petticoat.
- No. 75 Short-Sleeved Nightgown.
- No. 76 Young Girl's Dress.
- No. 77 Simple Dressing Gown.
- No. 78 Closed Drawers.
- No. 79 Flannel Shirt.
- No. 80 Tailor Skirt.
- No. 81 Tailor Jacket to be worn with No. 80.
- No. 82 Short Petticoat.

THE NEXT PATTERN WILL BE
No. 81 Fancy Blouse.



VOGUE'S WEEKLY PATTERN—NO. 82, SHORT PETTICOAT

For description, see this page. Cut paper pattern No. 82 sent on receipt of coupon with remittance of fifty cents.

sleeves are also most convenient for informal dinners, etc.

A pretty house gown for a woman in mourning is made of black crêpe de chine, fine chiffon and white embroidered mull. The skirt is either shirred to the depth of ten inches or tucked to the depth of the knees; from there the fullness is allowed to flare. The under-skirt is of black taffeta finished with several ruffles. The belt is of black chiffon with a knot and long ends on the left side. The bodice is made with elbow sleeves finished with full ruffles of embroidered mull. The front is slightly bloused, the back is plain, collar and vest of shirred white chiffon, sailor collar square over the shoulders and running down to the waist line in a point of embroidered mull.

On dit, that the long coat will be as popular next season as it was last, and for a woman

with wider pieces at the corners of the openings, which are laced together over the plaited chiffon with narrow black velvet. The bodice is of plaited blue chiffon with high collar and a low-necked short bolero of cachemire appliqué with lace. The yoke, front and sleeves are elbow length, slashed and laced together with black velvet like the skirt over the plaited blue chiffon.

FOR THE HOSTESS

MENU FOR FORMAL DINNER

Martini cocktails	
Canapés de caviare	
Oysters on the half-shell	
Sauterne	Rolled brown bread
	Green turtle soup
	Sherry
	Hors d'œuvres
Celery	Olives Radishes Pimolas

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NEW YORK

Enclosed please find fifty cents, for which send by mail to my address below:

Vogue Pattern No.

These patterns are made in medium size only.

Name.

Address.

This coupon must be filled in and mailed to Vogue, when remittance is made for pattern.

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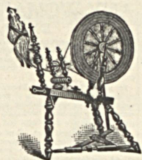
We maintain our handsome establishment on Fifth Avenue, where the very finest and most exclusive styles in shoes are to be found, but we rely upon *large business* rather than large profits to pay for our excellent location.

At Arnold's one pays no more for the finest shoes that can be made than for a good shoe at any of the so-called cheaper houses.

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There are doubtless many persons who upon their return to town will make their selections for the season's footwear, and to them we extend an invitation to visit our rooms, feeling certain that in the extent and variety of our styles there may be models to suit them.

Everything in foot wear for Men, Women and Children. WILLIAM ARNOLD, 240 Fifth Avenue.



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We cordially invite your inspection of our new and commodious salesroom in the Spinning Wheel Building, 3, 5, and 7 West Twenty-second Street. It is immediately in the rear of and connects with our Twenty-third Street store, which has been completely reorganized and refitted.

All of our retail departments are now located on the *ground* floor of these two buildings—a floor of good light, broad aisles, and perfect ventilation.

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In every way, our facilities for perfectly satisfying the needs of our patrons, are greater and better than ever before.

To those who cannot call and view these goods—a word about our mail order department: Through it the superior service and special advantages of "The Linen Store" may be enjoyed in all parts of the country—a letter, at all times, receiving the same careful attention as a personal inquiry.

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NOTE.—Out-of-town patrons are requested to remit by cheque or mail order, upon receipt of which hats will be sent, securely packed, express charges collectable upon delivery.



(Continued from page iii)

chine, blousing a little over the crossing; wide draped girdle of the same, which fastens with a large shield-shaped buckle in Russian enamel, in petunia shades, with green and gold. The bolero is of an openwork jet over cream taffeta veiled with mousseline. In the larger spaces glimpses of gold cloth are seen and a band of the jet net work borders it. The sleeves are of velvet with a pointed jet-cap on shoulder and finished in points below elbow with network bands. Bishop's puff of cream chiffon drawn into jetted wrist-band; high collar of network with rows of black velvet ribbon fastening at back with small stiff bows.

MIDDLE PAGE

BEGINNING AT THE LEFT.—Tailor gown of gun metal broadcloth. The skirt is opened at the side over a panel of black velvet, strapped across at intervals, and fastened with rather large gun metal buttons. The smart little coat is piped on all the edges with white cloth, and has, besides, a narrow band of black velvet, edged with gold braid. The large collar and bell cuff are of white panne velvet, stitched with white. The under sleeve is of black velvet gathered into a long pointed cuff, which is wrinkled about the wrist. The chemisette is of panne velvet in a Persian design in blue, gold and white.

SECOND FIGURE.—Gown of café au lait crêpe de chine. The skirt is cut in panels with small gores of Renaissance inset. About the knees the skirt is strapped with three bands of deep golden-brown velvet ribbon, ornamented with small cream-colored straw buttons. The bodice is draped over a small waistcoat of the lace over cloth-of-gold. The collar has three rows of the velvet ribbon ending in front under the straw buttons, which continue down the front, forming a trimming. The sleeves are of the lace with a small cap of the crêpe de chine at top finished with the velvet ribbon. The back is slightly draped, and is fastened under a double row of the buttons. The bottom is bound with brown velvet ribbon, caught with a gold clasp and ribbon ends.

THIRD FIGURE.—Panne velvet gown in a Persian design of blue and pink, the blue predominating. The skirt is laid in very shallow double-box plaits all the way around. The smart little bolero is bound with deep rose taffeta stitched. The collar and vest are of white shirred chiffon. The lower part of sleeves are also of the chiffon. The bolero is strapped across the vest and tied at the side with a bow of the rose taffeta.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Bridal gown of white satin Watteau plait starts from under the lace yoke in back, and is slightly draped at the waist line, falling from there in soft folds to the bottom. The bodice has a deep yoke of point lace, and a high girdle of the same, a small space of plaited satin showing between. The front of skirt is trimmed with a succession of point lace flounces; the upper flounce continues down the sides and entirely around the bottom of train. Long veil of tulle caught with orange blossoms.

FIFTH FIGURE.—Opera cloak of delicate green panne velvet, spotted with a darker shade of green to correspond with the plain velvet yoke and sleeve tops. A silver spangle is fastened in the centre of each polka-dot. The trimming is of heavy cream appliqué lace.

SIXTH FIGURE.—Empire evening gown of pale blue chiffon over blue silk. The flounce is of a chiffon of a deeper shade of blue, and is spangled with blue and silver. The bolero and trimming are of spangled passementerie. A large bow of white tulle is caught at the bust with diamond buckle.

SEVENTH FIGURE.—Very smart driving or traveling coat of tan-colored cravenette cloth. The back is extremely loose, and is buttoned from the side back seam to the bottom. The front is double-breasted. The lining is of red and white plaid taffeta.

EIGHTH FIGURE.—Gown of tabac-brown velvet. The skirt is cut in six gores, which flare very much at the bottom. The back is laid in two small box-plaits at the waist line. The waist is tight-fitting; very long sleeve, wrinkled from the elbow to the wrist. The bodice is draped with a scarf of tan satin, spotted with tabac-brown and finished with fringe. Hat of cream-colored folded chiffon, trimmed with a large bow of tabac-brown velvet and a gold button.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Note—Answers to Correspondents omitted this week, will appear in *Vogue* of 27 September.



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The following Parisian model is made from

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This model is a "Princess" gown with graduated plaits beginning below the hip line, and extending to the bottom, allowing a flare six inches.

The stock collar is cut with a high turret in back, bound with black velvet and stitched five times.

The apron front is cut to fit the figure, the turrets are bound with black velvet, stitched five times and buttoned to the under dress with black velvet buttons.

The over sleeve is cut with turrets, bound with velvet, stitched and buttoned close around the tight-fitting under sleeve.

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